

SEPTEMBER 1939
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COMRADES OR JIVAN SATHI



SAGAR'S AMBITIOUS PRODUCTION

Directed by:
NANDLAL JASHVANTLAL

Starring:
**SURENDRA
MAY A
HARISH
JYOTI
SANKATHA
ADVANI
KAYAMALI
WAHIDAN
JAMU PATEL**

Story by:
BABUBHAI MEHTA
Author of "Jagirdar" "300 Days"
and "Only Way"



WHAT IS
LOVE

•
WHAT IS
LIFE

•
WHAT IS
DEATH

?

THESE ARE THE THREE
IMPORTANT QUESTIONS
ASKED AND ANSWERED
BY THE
THREE COMRADES
IN THIS
MOST EMOTIONAL
HUMAN DRAMA
IT'S SAGAR

Grand Opening

**SAT. 2ND
SEPT.**

AT

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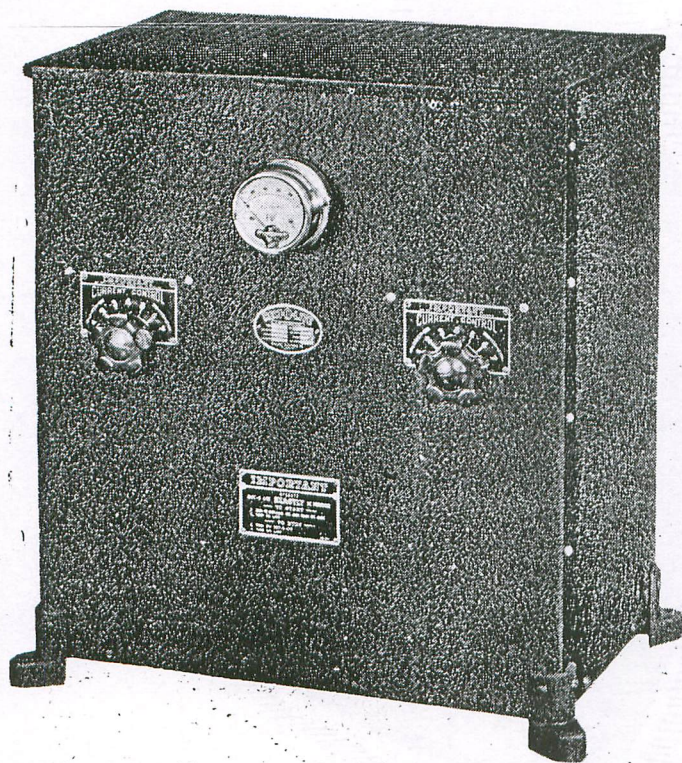
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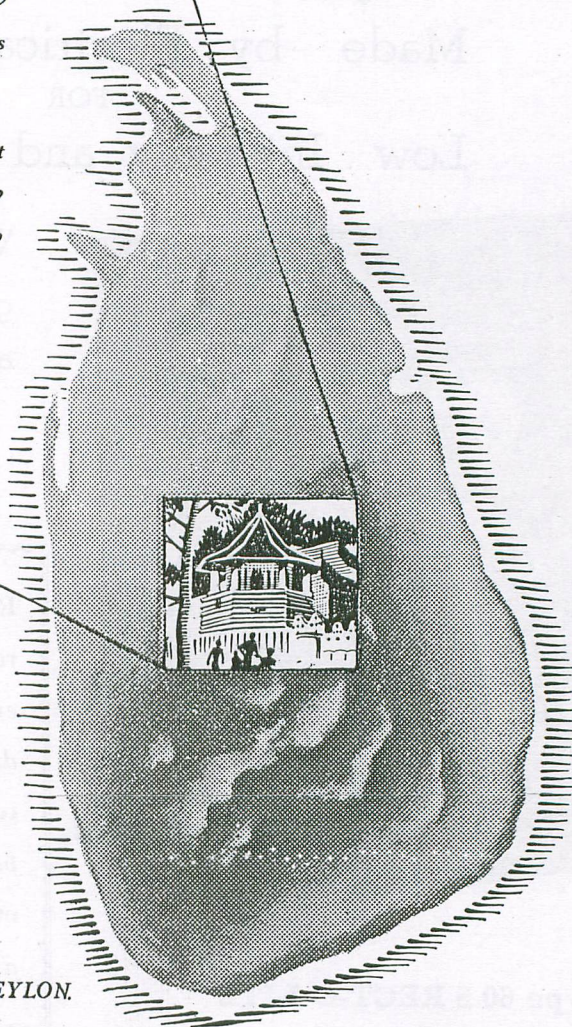
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STOP PRESS

Face to Face with KORDA

The man who made "Drum" and the man who kicked a hole right through it came face to face at the London Films Studios at Denham, England. The British Film Institute arranged this meeting between Baburao Patel and Producer Alexander Korda.



"What was wrong with my 'DRUM'? was almost the first question Korda asked and it took Baburao Patel several hours to tell him that there was nothing right with it. At length Baburao Patel explained the political and psychological situation in India, why people resented such Imperialist themes as 'Drum.' Korda pleaded that he had merely produced the picture as entertainment and not as propaganda. 'Even as that,' retorted Patel, 'you ended by slandering my people.'"

In the end, however, Korda saw the point of the Indian's argument and has promised to be extra careful about Indian sentiments in future.

Baburao Patel was very cordially received at the London Films Studios where he was entertained by Alexander Korda and June Duprez, the new star who appears in "Four Feathers" and "Thief Of Baghdad."

Before sailing for New York by S.S. Normandie on the 23rd August, Baburao Patel addressed an important memorial to the Secretary of State for India on the subject of anti-Indian films.

GIRL ON THE COVER
USHA DEVI

filmindia

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Editor: **BABURAO PATEL**

Vol. 5

SEPTEMBER 1939

No. 9

These Bogus Producers!

Govt. Must Stop Scandalous Adventurism

Ever since its inception, the Indian film industry has suffered from the activities of financial adventurers who become producers without either sufficient resources or any technical knowledge of the complex processes of film production. They are definitely a check on the progress of the Indian cinema—particularly at this stage of its evolution—and it is high time the government, the responsible producers and the public combined the put a stop to this adventurism.

ONCE UPON A TIME

There was a time, no doubt, when such financial Don Quixotes could sally forth with meagre funds and yet hope to conquer the citadels of film production. That was fifteen or ten years ago when the Indian film industry was in its infancy. It did not cost much to produce a "silent" film (the average was Rs. 10,000/- per picture) and the public taste was so undeveloped that anything that moved was joyously acclaimed as a movie and any piece of celluloid with visible images of (more or less) beautiful girls and galloping horses was a box-office hit. It was a good gamble then to invest a couple of thousands in film stock, get some artistes (?) and (so-called) technicians with promises to pay at the end of the picture, get some 'settings' from a theatrical company or a carpenter on credit and then trust one's luck for money to roll in. Sometimes it did miraculously roll in. Often it did not. But taken in a gambler's spirit it was a worth while risk.

But to-day the situation has entirely changed. The cost of film production has shot up four or five times since the advent of the talkies. It

requires at least 30 or 40 thousand rupees to make an average picture while a really 'big' production may easily cost a lakh or more. The public taste, too, has remarkably matured and even the so-called 'masses' demand a good technique and reasonable continuity and authenticity of costume and settings in their evening's entertainment. No longer is it possible for petty financiers to take up film production as a cheap gamble. No longer should they be allowed to continue their shoddy business!

It might be argued that since *laissez faire* is the key-note of present day competitive capitalist economy, everyone should be allowed to carry on business at his own risk. It may be said on behalf of such producers that after all if they fail they bring disaster only upon themselves.

EVEN THE SIGN BOARDS ARE GONE

If that were really so, we would not be wasting good ink and paper on this subject. These producer-adventurers not only commit financial suicide but at the same time by their constant failures they are degrading the name of the Indian film industry. No less than two hundred film companies must have come into existence during the last 25 years. Where are they to-day? Even their sign-boards are not to be seen in the bye-lanes of Dadar. But they have left behind a stigma attached to film industry in India and genuine financiers are naturally shy of investing large sums in this business.

Nor is that all. Knowing nothing about business and less about film production, these adventurers carry on their production activities in a most unbusinesslike and questionable manner. Personal 'preferences' and prejudices are given free scope, jobbery and flattery are at a premium the proprietor's relatives and chums become Directors, his 'girl-friends' become stars and anyone who can play the courtier gets a job. Possessing autocratic powers, the proprietor often combines in himself the functions of the Producer, Director, Story-writer and Scenarist!! In such an atmosphere hardly any good work can be expected. Nor is it surprising that such concerns have often to close their doors after producing one or two third-rate pictures.

And when they close their doors, you find hundreds of their employees knocking to demand their wages—actors, actresses, technicians and extras! This is the most unfortunate and sordid part of the whole story.

SCANDALOUS

Starting with hardly enough money to complete even one picture, these irresponsible adventurers quickly dissipate their resources (mostly on their luxuries and 'hobbies') and then every-

thing is done and got on a credit basis. Rent for the studio and office premises, salaries for the staff, motor car hire, sundry bills, are all allowed to fall into arrears. Even before the first picture has been released, litigation and counter litigation begins between the company and the employees.

Recently many such cases have come to our notice. The way studio workers have been left without wages for months is scandalous. The more important artistes may get their dues through the court (several of them have appeared in such cases recently) but the ordinary workers do not often possess sufficient means even to file a suit. Their condition is pitiable. It is a most shameful record of exploitation.

We may also mention here the sad experience of those unfortunate newspapers and journals which happen to print their advertisements.

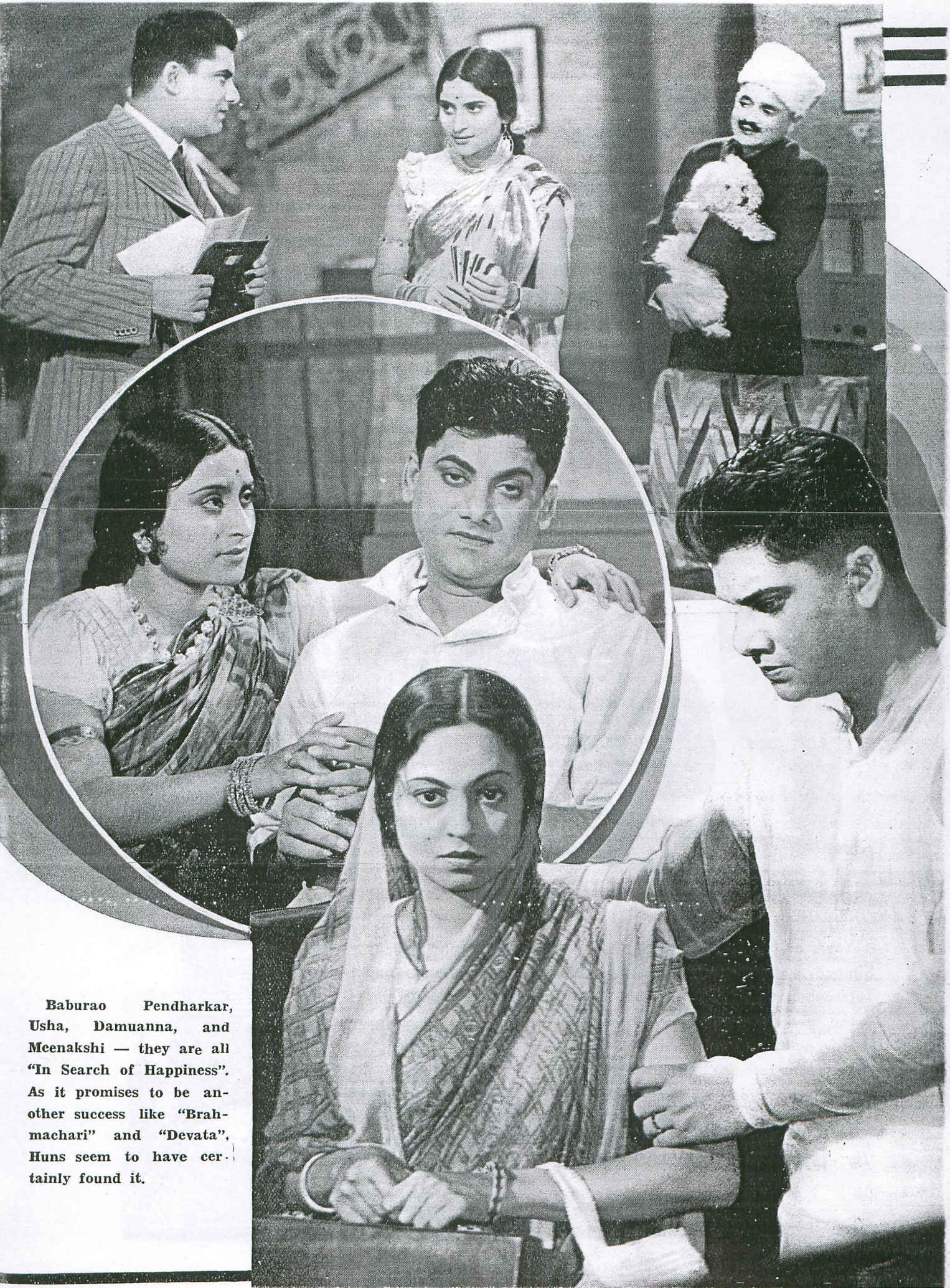
WE DEMAND ACTION

We demand that this must stop. The Government should see that legislation is passed which would penalize such unscrupulous adventurism. No one has a right to exploit hundreds of workers to satisfy his craze for being called a producer. The sooner all such persons are weeded out, the better it would be for the ultimate welfare of the film industry in India.

NOT AGAINST SMALL PRODUCERS

Let us make it clear at the same time, that we are not in any way opposed to small producers honestly striving to build a place for themselves. Indeed, we have the highest regard for these sturdy pioneers. Prabhat, to-day one of the three major studios in India, started as a small co-operative enterprise of a band of artistes and technicians. Huns had similar beginning. They have made tremendous progress, because (1) They knew their business of film production, (2) they gave a square deal to their employers and (3) despite adversity in earlier stages, they carried on their business on scrupulous lines.

Our policy ought to be: Encourage honest Enterprise by all means possible but penalize unscrupulous adventurism which thrives on exploitation and degrades the name of the Indian Film Industry.



Baburao Pendharkar, Usha, Damuanna, and Meenakshi — they are all "In Search of Happiness". As it promises to be another success like "Brahmachari" and "Devata", Huns seem to have certainly found it.

FIRST TIME IN INDIA!

Triumph Of Russian Technique!

Peter the Great comes to life again in the World's most famous Film. See him lead his troops in Battle! See him take a servant girl for his Queen... See him snip the Beards of His Nobility...in the film that was awarded 1st Prize at the Paris Exposition.



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Peter I

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3 Years of phenomenal effort; A cast of 5000 headed by Simonov, as Peter, Cherkassov (Russia's Paul Muni) and Tarasova (the 'Anna Karenina' of Moscow Art Theatre Production)—the genius of the director, Vladimir Petrov, and the author, Alexie Tolstoy—All combine to make "**Peter The First**" one of the greatest films of all time.

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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

Because an Austrian Archduke was killed in a little known Serbian town called Serajevo, in 1914, the "civilized" nations of Europe started a fratricidal war which went on for four years. Tens of thousands were killed, millions disabled, countless homes destroyed.

In starting this insane drama of 1914-18, Indians had no part. They had neither any love for the "Allies" nor for the Central Powers. They had no desire to kill Germans and Austrians.

Yet thousands of them were forced—by questionable recruiting tactics—to leave their country, and to fight in a cause which they did not understand. Many of them lay dead on foreign territory, blown up by shells or riddled by bullets, and the wailing of widows and orphans rose from a thousand Indian homes. Such are the cruel anomalies of Imperialism.

"THE ONLY WAY" CENSORED!

These Indian soldiers who went to fight for Britain were not treated well. It is on record that they were given bad food, hopeless medical treatment and had to bear the brunt of the worst phases of the War.

This aspect of the war came in for a passing reference in "The Only Way", produced by Sagar Movietone. A few Indian soldiers were shown in a camp hospital raving about the cruel madness of the war, wondering why they should have come there all the way to face German bullets. (The anti-war sentiment of the film was one of its commendable features.)

The scene, about 17 feet, has been deleted from the film in the Punjab, at the orders of the Government.

This is not surprising. Sir Sikander Hayat Khan is one of the strongest allies of Britain and a powerful influence for recruiting sturdy Punjabis in the armies of British Imperialism.

This ban, however, is objectionable because it discourages Indian producers from dealing, even remotely and in an indirect and apologetic manner, with vital political realities. One wonders if a film like "All Quiet on The Western Front" was passed, why should the censors get scared by a little scene

in "The Only Way"? Is it the fear of the impending war in Europe that has made them so nervous?

THANKS, DR. GILDER!

I have been going on a round of Bombay cinemas and was pleasantly surprised to learn that the writings of this scribe and of the editor of "Filmindia" have borne fruit and the authorities have become a little more vigilant about the hygienic condition of cinema houses. In this connection I was glad to find that the Regal Cinema has taken the lead by installing Ozone air-purifiers which are known to be very effective for cleansing and deodorizing the air in theatres. The Apollo Theatre, Poona, has also installed the same purifiers.



Dr. Gilder

The Manager of a certain theatre "complained" to a friend of mine that ever since the editorial "I Accuse Doctor Gilder" was published, his theatre had been subjected to frequent inspections and the observance of the relevant rules regarding the cleaning of the theatres was strictly demanded. I am sorry if the cinema owners and managers have been put to some inconvenience by our writings but then they must realise that all of us should sacrifice something in the interests of the public at large. They depend for their profits and salaries on the patronage of the filmgoers and as good businessmen they are expected to provide at least the elementary amenity of pure air in their theatres.

PUNISH THEM

While conditions in certain better class theatres are improving, I regret to say that the theatres in the more congested parts of the city (e.g. in Parel and on DeLisle Road) are still being run on far from hygienic lines. Some of them are simply terrible—they are over-crowded, poorly ventilated and seldom cleaned. The Municipal authorities are requested to look into these breeding-houses of disease.

I read in a London paper that a prominent West End cinema was deprived of its licence for two days

by the London County Council Entertainments Committee for posting a misleading notice about seats available. I suggest that similar action should be taken against theatres in India that do not conform to the regulations about seating accommodation, ventilation and cleaning and flushing of their premises.

IN NEW YORK

What would happen, I wonder if the manager of a cinema or theatre in London or New York behaved discourteously towards critics and newspaper representatives.

There is no need to wonder. I know. He would be immediately sacked by the proprietors.

The owners of entertainment houses—cinemas, theatres and cabarets—all over the world know that their trade depends, in a large measure, on the goodwill of the press and that in their own interests they ought to extend all possible co-operation to the newspaper people.

AND IN BOMBAY

In the Bombay cinemas showing foreign films, however, things are done in a different way. Invitations to press shows (most dismal and dreary affairs) are thrown at critics as if they were gifts from gods. After late nights at the office, one has to get up at an unearthly hour to be in time for those shows. And when, unshaven and bleary-eyed, one reaches

there, one is treated with marked discourtesy. Cards are scrutinized as if they were passports to heaven and God help you if you have left yours behind, for then you will be unceremoniously thrown out. (Representatives of Anglo-Indian newspapers get preferential treatment and can always bring whole flocks of friends.) The critics of "native" papers are often even curtly refused the common courtesy of using the Regal theatre telephone.

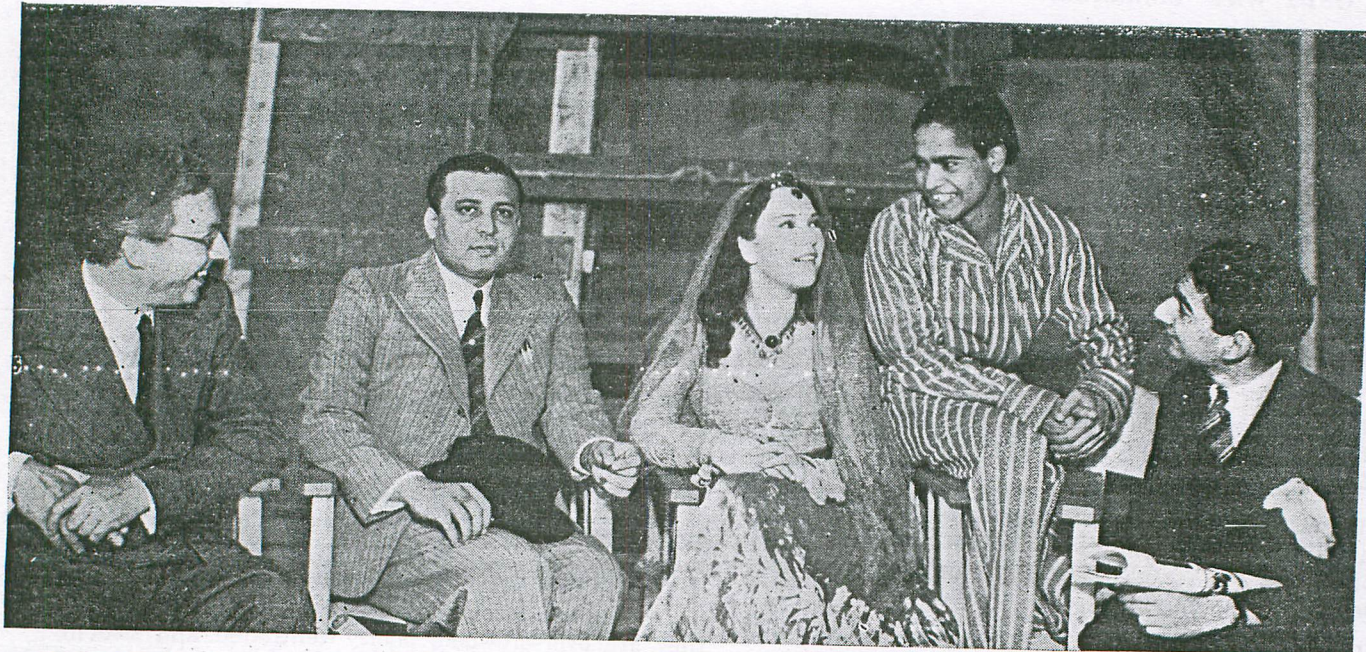
CASE FOR K.R.S.

On top of all this every week the critics who dare to write independent reviews are subjected to a tortuous inquisition, threatened and insulted by managers and proprietors. As a sequel to critical reviews of "The Sun Never Sets", the Eros management refused admission to the film critic of a leading Gujarati paper and his invitation card was taken away from him. At the same time the proprietor tried to threaten the critic of a leading English daily.

Here is a case which deserves the urgent attention of the Kinema Renters Society.

DESERTED BOX-OFFICES

This scandalous state of affairs has got to stop. The sooner the better for these autocratic cinema-wallahs! If they persist in this attitude one day their press shows will be as deserted as the ruins of Pompeii. What is more, once the press patronage is withdrawn, even their box-offices may be miserably deserted. That at least would teach them a lesson.



Alexander Korda entertained Baburao Patel, President, Film Journalists Association of India and editor, "filmindia" at the Denham Studios in England. From left to right: Alexander Korda, Baburao Patel, June Duprez, Sabu, and S. Kureishi (Mr. Patel's host) in London.



Leela Chitnis who is
co-starred with Ashok
Kumar in Bombay
Talkies' forthcoming
picture "KANGAN"



SURENDRA—

This slick and suave gentleman of Sagar appears in "Comrades" directed by Nand Lal now running at Pathe Cinema.

Round the world with Baburao Patel

Experiences—Grave & Gay—On the Way from Bombay to Venice

He Becomes A Mystic, Hears "Well, Honey" In Port Said, Has A Strange Adventure In Brindisi, Likes Beautiful Naples and Condemns Stinking Venice !

(World Copyright Reserved)

22nd June 1939—A palmist friend had definitely said that I would start on a world tour. I was, of course, quite ready, but I was afraid the steamer would fail and thus choose to stay in the Bombay harbour or something else would go wrong to prevent my going. Nothing, however, happened and between numerous friends and relations my sea tub was pushed out into the sea to sail towards the forbidden West.

For a long time I could see my comrades waving wild farewell—as if fanning the steamer into some speed. It did gather a little more speed and with it took me farther away from my people, who had always smiled and sighed with me and who had just given me a hectic and spontaneous farewell. It was good to set out on an adventure but it was sad to leave the friends behind. My heart ached and even now memory brings back one more pang.

On board the "Conte Verde" the Italian ship you are in Italy, even though the ship is very often in foreign waters. The Captain, whom we never saw, is the Mussolini in charge. (I may have seen him but I did not know him for one). To the unpractised eye, it was a big puzzle to identify the Captain, as every one of the staff looked like a possibility being smart and well-uniformed. This mysterious captain, however gave us all a new game of guessing and whenever a new face passed by, some one said, "Ah, this must be the Captain". Once a similar guess turned out to be the steward in charge of the laundry—the ship's dhobie! By the way, you can't call a waiter, a butler or a boy. He is also a steward and so is every one. The Italian on ship

likes to be called a steward. I think, even the Italian passengers would not mind being called so. The word, "steward" is so popular with them.

Wrath Of The Sea

Every one was present for the first lunch and every one had a good look at the other and every one ate that first lunch with an appetite that looked unnatural and pregnant with tragic foreboding.

The dinner had sixty per cent attendance. The rest were trying hard to keep the lunch inside. The sea was rough and seemed to say,



In the studio cafe at Tobis, Baburao Patel with Hilde Krahl the famous Tobis star. She wants to go to India to see the country and its people. She seems to have begun doing that with our Editor. She will see enough if she sees one man.

"I'll teach you blokes to travel" and the ship conspired with the sea in nodding constant approval from side to side.

The next morning, only twenty five were present for the breakfast. The rest were busy vomiting. They had finished the lunch during the night and they were now throwing out what they had brought from home.

I was so far alright, but the fear of falling sick was battling with the auto-suggestion of my being a good sailor. After lunch the fear won and I had my first vomiting.

For a complete day, I did not know anything. I was in the cabin and very soon I did not care whether I reached the other end dead or alive. At the moment I preferred to reach it dead. The cabin steward would come to my cabin and look at me in a kindly understanding sort of way. In politeness I would smile back. Sea sickness is a bad experience.

On the third day, I ventured out but my legs were unsteady and one of them chose to slip on the deck stairs. Ankle sprain kept me in bed another day and gave the ship's doctor some English sterling he needed so badly. Though the sea was rough—things with the passengers were improving and the attendance in the dining room was encouraging. People moved about the deck with the salty air of a captain and thus proved that their legs were steady. But at close inspection, the face still told another story. Sea sickness leaves behind an expression on the human face which is not quite pleasant to meet.

International Settlement

The fourth day was a Sunday and people smiled about to com-

memorate this land holiday. The smile, of course, was empty. We started knowing one another and within a few hours I knew every one except an Englishman whom I did not know even after I left the ship at Brindisi. Nor did any one else.

A ship is a queer international settlement. Almost every nationality—almost every colour—almost every oddity—almost every type of ambition—almost every eccentricity is found all together on a single ship. The only thing common in view of all is the land to come.

I had two cabin companions—one an absent minded, thickly-eye-glassed boy from the North. He was a student who had decided to be a teacher and was going for higher studies to Switzerland. He always kept himself out of everything and took a bird's eye view even of the fancy dress ball we had on the board. Queerly enough, he chummed up with the Englishman but none knew the other's name till the last minute. It never occurred to them that they had names. The Englishman had met his twin in the North Indian student. It made me guilty to look at the student

and I had to see him day and night. My inquiries were answered but with such an expression of leave-me-alone—that my next query would die in the throat. This student was himself a complete symptom of sea sickness to me and even after it was over he was still its memory to me. We parted strangers and imagine we had stayed ten nights and eleven days together in the same cabin.

Reminded Me Of A Dear Friend

It was a three-birth cabin and I had another one for company. A little five feet fellow who bore the name of a professional comrade of mine from Bombay Sunday paper and strangely enough had stolen his size and borrowed his mannerisms. He was from Ahmedabad and was on his way to Manchester to teach them how to do business. He was too young—only twenty—and he knew very little English—only fifty and odd words. But he looked bold and seemed to have courage.

It seems that his father had also gone to Manchester at twenty and without a single word of English. So when this boy reached the age of twenty, he remembered about Manchester and took a better start with fifty and odd words

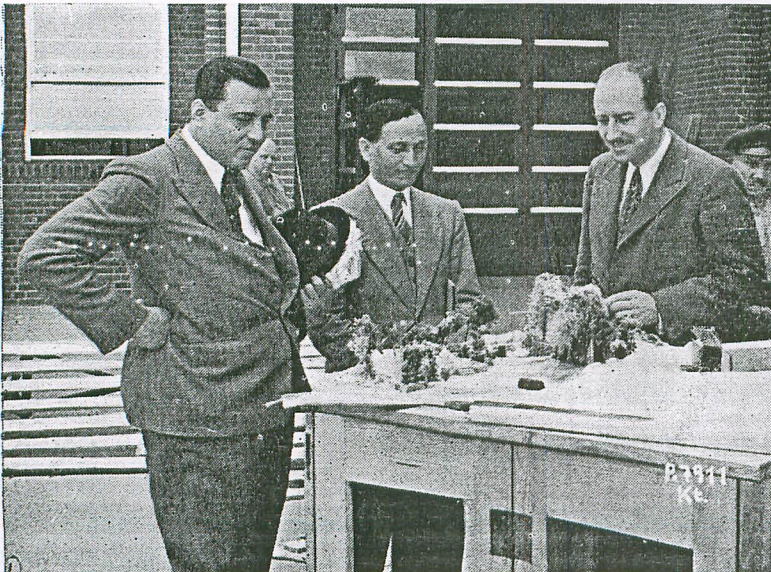
of English. He was seen moving about with the Gujrathi-into-English dictionary trying hard to remember as many words as he could during the spare time between the meals. Needless to mention that he was rather too good at meals and did the trick of eating regularly inspite of sea sickness. You see, he had paid for it! This little chap ate more than his three table companions put together. It was a noble effort. "You can't know good English unless you go to England. I'll learn there", this is what he told me every day. I liked his optimism. This little fellow, by the way, was an obliging sort of a chap and proved very useful for running small errands. We parted good friends and I promised to give him a look-up at Manchester.

Rich Girl and Her Retinue

Then there was another Gujrathi family with a newly found ward. They were heading for Paris where the woman's father had a jewellery business and she was taking herself, her husband and another at her father's costs and consequences. Naturally she was the dominant one with a face that spelt an evil foreboding. These two—the husband and the wife—were not worth any attention—but the third one—the unwilling ward on an adventure—was an interesting specimen.

According to him, he had frittered away a fortune and had done everything that brings a blush to the cheek in after years. He was now steady and had taken a job for the first time overseas. Well-dressed, smart, talkative and friendly, he naturally became my companion and solace on board.

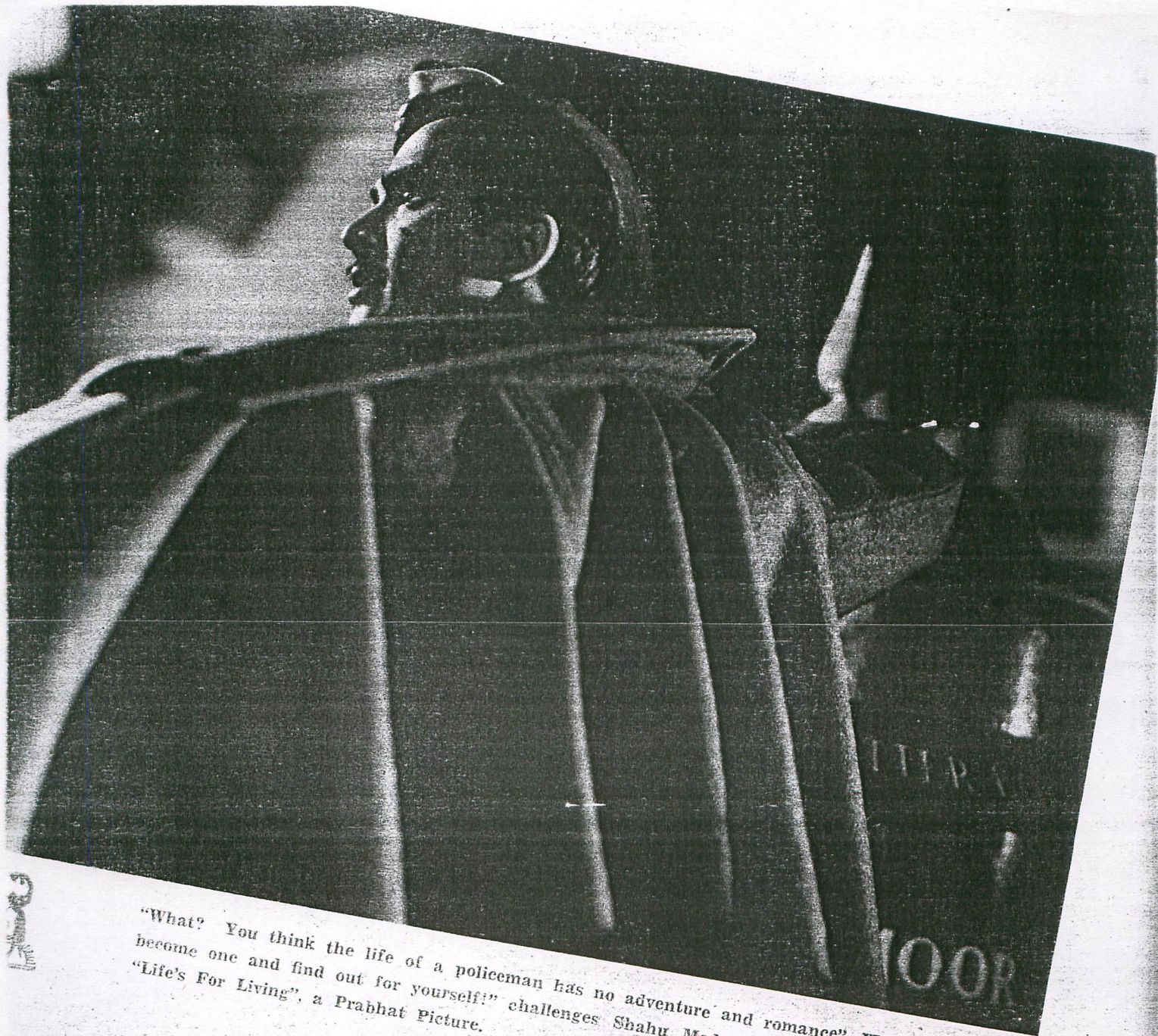
He had a big family to support—a family which unfortunately for him remembered the good times and he had to find them a living. At forty-two he was still a fighter, ready to begin all over again for the sixth time as he put it. I wished him all luck and he needed it seeing the company he was in. We parted as pals and we are meeting again in Paris for a bit of Bohemian life together.



Count Carl Schonfeldt, one of the Ufa chiefs, explains to Baburao Patei and K. S. Hirlekar how a trick shot of a desert is taken at the Ufa studios in Berlin.



"Now, how did this chip of a girl discover my secrets?" wonders Shaji Kodak. "Yes, how did I? Let us guess?" pipes mischievous little Manju in Shantaram's "Life's For Living", a Prabhat Picture.



"What? You think the life of a policeman has no adventure and romance". Well, become one and find out for yourself!" challenges Shahu Modak in Shantaram's "Life's For Living", a Prabhat Picture.

I Become An Astrologer!

Didn't I say that a ship has a queer and assorted cargo? One of the fancy items was an old Parsi—63 years of age. I shall never forget his years as they were drummed into my ears exactly eighteen times a day. It seemed that he was very rich—once. He made me count his transactions over a dozen times and they amounted to over ten millions and thus he proved that he had miracles of luck in everything. Through sheer politeness I believed, but one day I asked, why he was travelling second-class. Later on I found that a very unwise step.

And then the story came out. Someone had swindled him in London and the Scotland Yard had found the culprit and needed him there to press the suit. He had become comparatively poor. And in addition he had a bad son who wasted money on wine and women. And so on the story went on till he came to mention a wonderful astrologer who had foretold him some of these happenings. This switched us on to a marathon discussion of stars and their effect on the human life.

Just for the sake of some argument, I took sides with the stars because they were not present and defended them so wonderfully that the old Parsi insisted on my inspecting his horoscope. That made me an astrologer. During my own bad times my horoscope, which I subsequently discovered to be all wrong, I had shown to several astrologers, who had discussed the stars with me threadbare and I had remembered the peculiar phraseology pretty well to make an impression on the old Parsi.

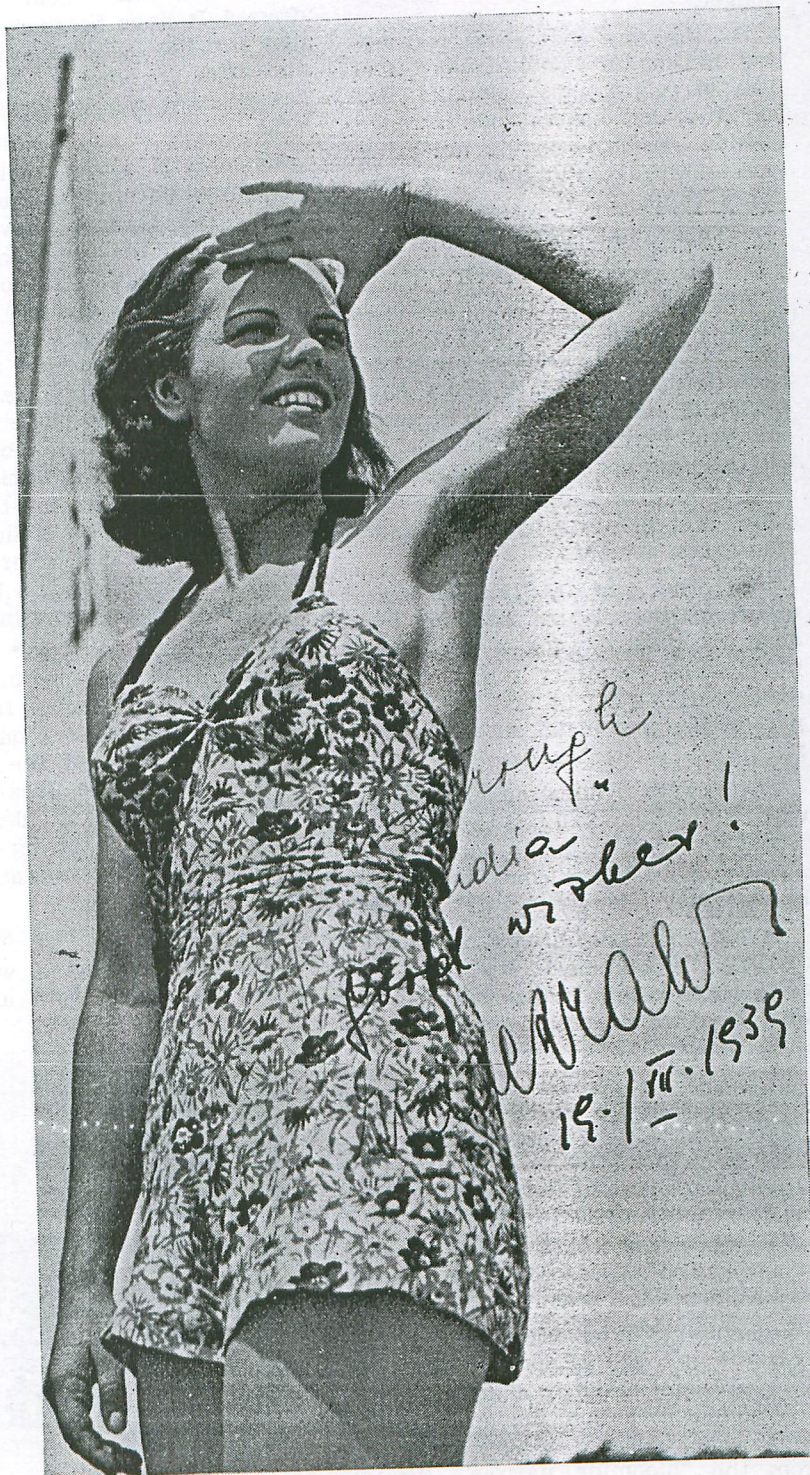
Immediately I opened the long roll of paper, I said "Wonderful". And the Parsi said, "Didn't I tell You?" It went on in this strain for days. Cautious guess work on my side and increasing blind faith from the other. Very soon every one knew that I was a great astrologer.

And A Mystic!

A couple of others insisted on saying that I was also a palmist

and I had to humour them by seeing their palms. Very soon I became a great Indian mystic and even the Italian stewards smelt of this and one day one of them

quietly crept into my room to show me his palm and ask me when he would be married. As Christmas was not very far off, I ventured giving that time. And



"Meet me thru' Filmindia" says Hilda Krah the Yugoslav star of Tobis.

he thought it wonderful. And so did I. It seems that his girl had written to him at Hongkong that they would be married during X'mas and she would not wait any longer.

By the way that Parsi is waiting for me in London and I feel like leaving London alone. They say that astrologers don't make money. So it is no use my being one. Writing "Filmindia" is better, I think.

The Indian Lady Doctors

In the second Economic class, I met two Hindu Lady doctors. They were going for higher studies to Dublin. Both the girls came from very good families. The father of one, I knew well and that was perhaps why she kept a discreet distance. The smell of the ship upset her and the sight of wines sent her into hysterics. And she was a doctor!

The other one, a frail shadow of life, perhaps learnt medicine to keep a constant count of her own pulse. Her voluntary smile suddenly bursting on us was the best part of her and it did cheer us all for days.

There were numerous others with numerous peculiarities, but it will take a big book to put them all down....Let us come to the Englishman.

True to the traditions of his country, he changed his dress every three hours. It was etiquette with him which no one on the ship observed. He walked alone and saw things alone, and talked alone—of course to himself. He didn't observe that there were Indians on board but he did not fail to notice a couple of Germans with fat legs and bull-necks. The Germans were beating the English at their game and the Englishman could not escape them.

This man who was perhaps an assistant in a commercial firm drawing about seven to eight hundred a month, was on home leave, and seemed pleased to get away from the "blooming natives". No sooner had he stepped on the steamer, he became an Englishman, snobbish and true to type.

A Poor Conquest

On the 6th day we touched Massawa. It is now an Italian port. Adis Abbaba is only 150 miles from Massawa. Some clumsily dressed Italians boarded the steamer for the customs examination and after an hour of babel and gesticulation we were allowed to land.

Massawa is a ramshackle place—hot and burning and even the usually fair Italians have taken the colour of the vanquished Abyssinians. Massawa has nothing to show except a solitary Muslim Mosque which stood out brilliant and majestic in the hot mid-day sun. It is a key port and the usual military atmosphere was, of course, prevalent. A few barracks, an aeroplane hangar, fascist soldiers and some bars for them is all that makes up this Italian port. The final impression after seeing the town is that Mussolini has not got much from the Abyssinians!

* * *

By this time the sea knew us well and it became more friendly. We were gliding at a good speed and on the night of the eighth day we entered the Suez Canal. So many people have described this miracle of engineering that I need not waste more words. It is still a miracle.

"Well, Honey" In Port Said

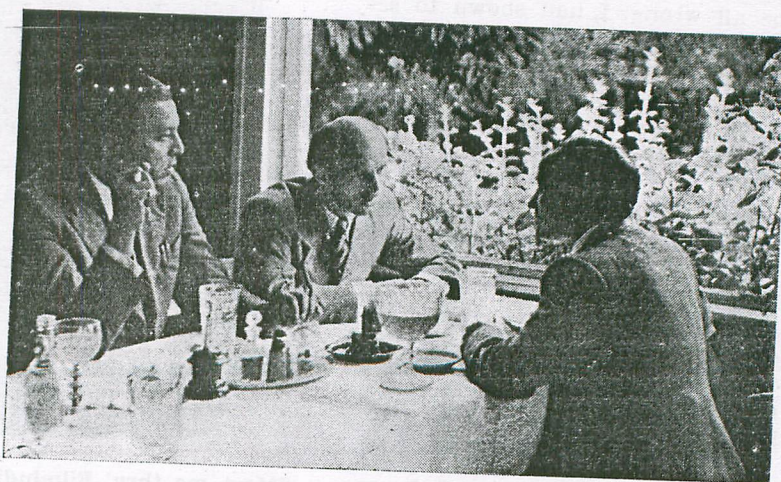
On the 9th morning we were in Port Said, the port with a bad

name that has become a romantic tradition. It took a long time for the Italians to convince the port authorities that theirs was not a pirate ship. At least that is how I interpreted the long delay in allowing us to land. We decided to see the town. By now, we were a party: two lady doctors; a rich man's ugly daughter with a sense of rupee values, to act as the financial adviser; an Ahmedabad bania who would take the maximum value for the minimum price; a jeweller to advise on the purchase of cheap counterfeit trinkets and a journalist to record the adventures and the misadventures.

A mile more in the steam launch and we were on firm ground, greeted by a Fez-capped Arab who spoke several languages. We took him as our guide.

The first street one passes through is called the King Farouk Road. It is a perfect show place with big shop fronts and beautiful window display. And then you turn to the right and get into a street full of pavement cafes with bands playing and girls on the violins. Snappy tunes with smart girls to play and to serve—make Port Said a haven for the tired bachelor.

We got a taste of this in this next few minutes. At a small cafe three Greek girls were standing with their nature's wares on full show (at least as much as could



At the lunch Tobis gave to our Editor Baburao Patel, Herr Hauer and K. S. Hirlekar.

be permitted by the law). A broad U shaped blouse hung dangerously low. It was an exciting sight.

Imagine the shock to the lady doctors, when I and J (the smart jeweller) were invited to go in and have "a good time". They said, it would take only half an hour and cost us a pound each. Something had to be said and I said it, "But I thought this was a coffee house". The reply was quick, "Well, Honey, coffee you can get even in India, but for this (a significant gesture here) you must come to Port Said."

We looked at the lady doctors. They seemed to need the smelling salts. We moved on. J. thought it to be a great concession to our Lady doctors.

Port Said is full of Greeks, Arabs, Jews, Italians, French, English and almost every nationality is represented by its man of trade and woman of the oldest profession. The shopping tour is very interesting as prices are inflated 500 per cent and bargaining can go on for hours over the smallest article. But after a time you can get things really cheap. The restaurants give wrong things to eat and charge heavily. A stuff called the "Indian Rice" was given to us, which even dogs in India would not care to eat and a single helping cost two shillings!

After buying a few odds and ends, we returned to the ship. "Well, honey, coffee you can get even in India, but—".

That was Port Said for us.

On Land At Last

Two days more of astrology, palmistry and mysticism and I landed at Brindisi, the last port point of Italy. It was about four in the evening, when I presented myself before the Customs Authorities. They did not examine my baggage but they asked me a question: "Have you any tobacco on you?" I said "No" and when I stayed in Italy for some time I realised why these Italians suffer from the tobacco obsession.

Italy grows a large amount of tobacco and I may straightaway

certify that it is all rotten. But if they allowed the foreign tobacco to come into the country their own product would not be sold. In Italy you cannot get any foreign cigarettes, the tariff being very heavy and the patriotism of the people guaranteeing the rest. The Italian cigarettes are the rottenest one can smoke in any part of the world.

In Brindisi the entire town was out on the pavement restaurants and it was not necessary to go into the houses to see the men and the women. Every old town in the world has two views—the modern and the old and Brindisi is no exception. This little town has a beautiful shop window with couple of big roads the little town parks and trees punctuating the has.

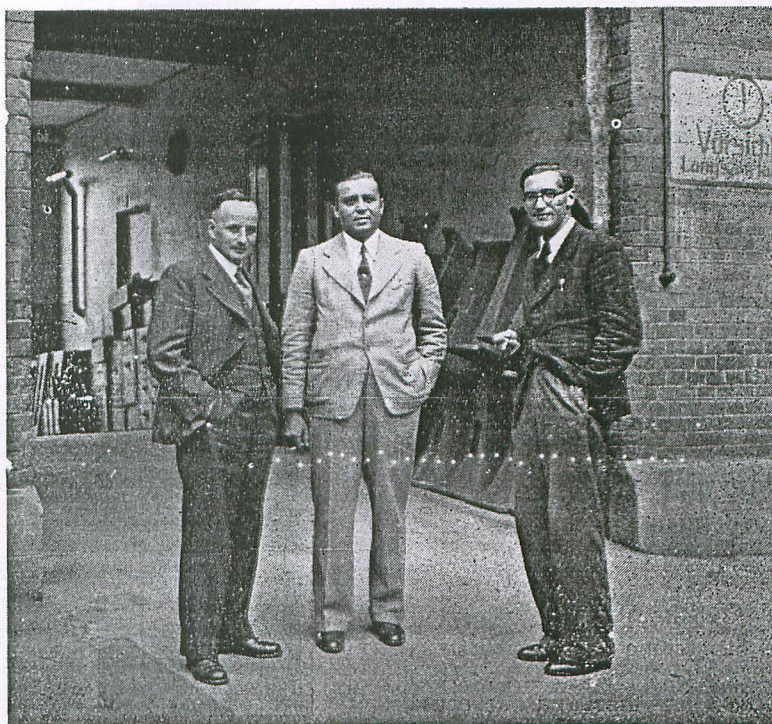
And now began my greatest worry—the language. One in a million seems to understand English and that one you don't meet when you want him. On board the ship this language problem was

not so acute as several stewards spoke English well.

But on land things take a serious turn for the worse. The Italian language has nothing in common with the English and one cannot understand a word of it and vice versa. The American Express Guide came to my rescue—he was the man in the million—and told the cabman to take me to the station, to put my luggage in the station restaurant and take only ten liras for the trouble. All this was done but I had still three hours before the train left for Naples and I was anxious to see the town.

The Beautiful Italian

Trusting to luck I jumped into a cab and told the driver to take me round the town. He had probably known tourists going around for something else and not for seeing the town in an innocent way. So the old rogue took me to a lonely house a mile outside the city and asked me to follow him



At the Bauer factories in Stuttgart. Baburao Patel was the guest of Eugen Bauer. A photo taken in the factory shows (from left to right) Rudolph Sigloch, Chief Engineer, Baburao Patel, our editor, and Helmut Rauschenberger, Chief Executive.

inside. By then I understood that the cab man had misunderstood me entirely.

And I said "No, No" and indicated by gestures that I wanted to see the town in a different way. Which gestures he again misunderstood and tried salesmanship methods using words like: "Elegante - Private - Bella Bambina" meaning: "elegant, private, beautiful girl." With a big laugh again I said "No, No" and took my Italian dictionary to find the word for "station":

But the cab man was a great optimist. He met my smile with a smile and my laugh with a laugh. With unmistakable gestures he told me what I was supposed to do with the girl (as if I didn't know this) but when I still said "No" in desperation he went in and brought out the girl and her old mother.

The company was now complete and it started all over again. The girl, one of the smartest creations I have seen, was game for fifty liras (roughly Rs. 6/-) and she also took her share in the scheme of breaking down my opposition, the old mother doing her bit and the affectionate cab driver intensifying his efforts with a non-stop flood of beautiful language accompanied by gestures which made the old woman blush.

I don't know what they took me for. But once or twice during all these gymnastics, I blessed my huge size which I think saved me from being dragged into the act of mating with the beautiful stranger. So passionate was the enthusiasm.

I was fretting as it was already seven and I had only an hour in hand. I thought of a way out and taking twenty liras in hand, I offered the same as a present to the girl and when I told her that I did not want her and she could keep the money (with gestures, of course) she returned the money saying "No, No". Once again I went through more gestures, this time more vivid, and told her to keep the money. After ten mi-

nutes she agreed and seemed pleased about it. It was some job to get rid of her and I had to use my famous voice which I reserve for occasions of deep annoyance. That made the driver end the whole farce and drive me straight to the station but not before he had impressed on the girl and the mother his own importance in bringing a fool who paid twenty liras and did nothing. That is, of course, what I thought he said.

Having arrived at the station, I was expecting a small black-mail from the cab man for his fare. But to my great surprise when I paid him according to his printed tariff he was more than pleased.

That was strange, knowing how our cab men behave when they are on such private errands.

The Italian "Express"

The Brindisi station has four platforms and I wanted to know from what platform the train for Naples would start. No one knew English and from the little dictionary I found the words "Train and Platform" and with gestures asked them whether it would start from the first platform. With a broad courteous smile they said "Si, Si" (Yes, Yes). To make doubly sure, I asked another and he pointed out altogether another platform.



The Chief Engineer of Bauer Mr. Sigloch is explaining the marvelous boring machine which penetrates a hard steel block of two feet depth. Baburao Patel seems to be interested enough, though he would like to know about a machine that penetrates the hearts of our producers.

There was no porter and I had to carry my luggage which was rather heavy and had to be shifted in two stages. Half an hour of frantic inquiry and I discovered that there was another parallel train called "Rapido" (meaning the Express) which started ten minutes earlier and reached fifteen minutes later. I am still wondering why it was called "Rapido". But I stuck to the train given to me by the American Express man and searched for it. It ultimately came on the third platform ten minutes before time and I put my luggage in through the first door and went in search of my "sleeper" (sleeping car) which I had booked. It was not there. It had gone with the "Rapido" and with my hundred liras, the special charge I had paid for it.

That night I sat through cursing the Italians and wishing that the Sun of the British Empire had for a time set in India and risen in Italy, that the smiling blokes would know a little English.

There were others in the compartment—and we tried talking—I, in English and the other side in beautiful Italian. We didn't make any progress. We exchanged cigarettes and smiles. I said Naples and they said Napoli and there the social contact ended with another broad smile.

I was waiting for the morning and for Naples.

Foot Prints of Jamuna In Beautiful Naples

At six in the morning of the 3rd July, I reached Naples, the train having passed through a beautiful mountainous territory broken by numerous sea bays. The hotel which was recommended to me was five miles away from everything I needed and I spent more money in taxi fare coming away and going to it than I paid to the hotel for staying there.

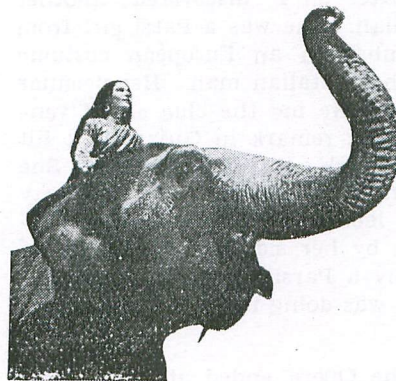
Naples is a beautiful city built on several hills scattered about at several places and given nature a new glamour. Round about Naples there is plenty of sight seeing e.g., Vesuvius, Pompeii, Amalfi,

Capri etc., and it is a very inexpensive and easy job to see these places, as tourist department of the Italian Government has provided numerous facilities for sight seeing. The C. I. T. (pronounced CHIT) is the leading tourist organization which looks after Italy's tremendous tourist business very efficiently. Needless to mention that it is backed by the Italian Government.

In some of the places I visited. I found the footprints of Director P. C. Barua and Jamuna, our famous film star, an affectionate chamber maid particularly remembering Jamuna as her friend in India.

A Heart-Broken Doctor

In the ruins of Pompeii, I met an Arab Doctor of Medicine. He was



Bimla Kumari
in Bhavnani Production's jungle
picture "Son of Zambo"

touring to 'forget his heart'. At 52, a young nurse had given him the slip after sharing his bed for eight years. The shock was too much for the temperamental medico and he wanted to tour for three months and to forget the cruel nurse. Half the time muttering to himself, he went through the ruins of Pompeii and seemed to compare them with the ruins of his own life. That is what a woman did to a man who is reported to be a brilliant surgeon in his own country.

In Pompeii, there is a chamber of the royal prostitute, still in good condition, with numerous "amorous" paintings. With a snobbery peculiar to men, women are

not allowed to go in. The doctor had come to see this and no amount of persuasion would take him away from those pictures till he had swallowed each of them with his eyes. The doctor's passion was now a mere memory and the pictures provided a balm to his itching soul.

In Naples, I had nothing else to do but see the sights. Having seen those left behind by the Romans, I applied myself to the modern ones.

In The Eternal City

On the evening of the 5th July, I was in Rome, the Eternal City. The first impression of Rome is frankly disappointing. It is a dull and grim city. The stonework of the buildings is too rigid and dark for my taste. Even modern Rome looks as old as the ancient one. However, in the big roads, in the beautiful gardens and in the cafes and the night clubs, one finds relief.

My visit to "Cinecitta", Italy's biggest studios, I have already described in a previous article. All the old ruins that you find in and about Rome are beautifully portrayed in the tourist handbooks. In fact, reading about them is more thrilling than seeing them actually. Some of the ruins in India, especially the Ellora Caves will give points to these Roman ruins and get away with it in grandeur and excellence. It is enough to remember that the Roman ruins look better in photographs.

What Rome can really reveal is the diverse beauty of the numerous fountains, which you find at almost every street corner. They are there in all shapes and twists—some at once beautiful and ugly—others more artistic and idyllic. In the latest creations, the Mussolini's Forum, a sport stadium with masterly marble statues all round, is an attractive sight.

Casino Delle Rose

But let me not waste time in describing this stone work—ancient or modern, as long as one can remember "Casino Delle Rose".

This casino is the night haunt of the most fashionable in Rome.

Seeing the cabaret turns, hearing beautiful music and meeting fascinating girls is all free. The kick one discovers later lies in the smashing exorbitant charges or the drinks one takes. An innocent cup of coffee costs 30 liras (nearly four rupees). I was, of course, a guest of the officials of the Ministry of Public Culture and during four hours that we were there, it cost him nearly 500 liras! But the girls there were beautiful—a couple of them too beautiful for description. It was a night that gave a dream to a new comer.

The Roman Opera

Gigli (pronounced 'gili) the world famous Italian tenor was due to sing in an open air opera organised in the Roman Baths of Caracalla, and I had to stay a day longer because my officer friend would not think of my missing the opportunity. What was once a bath of the Romans had now become the theatre of modern Romans. Twenty thousand were present and we had naturally the best seats.

The story of an opera is not given much importance. In this particular instance it was a nursery tale which had many points in common with our screen stories. But the music was marvellous. The orchestra had over 150 persons playing and they created a melody which

is very difficult to forget. The scenic effect was wonderful, being heightened by the clever play of constantly changing lights. The modern Romans know how to please the human eye and hold it in a continual trance for three hours. And Gigli poured his soul out and took deafening applause in exchange.

As the only Indian in Rome—at least one looking a true type—chaperoned by an important official—I was the centre of attraction. And during the two intervals, I provided the show to the audience, many of whom would come and wish me in a courtly way. Even my friend felt important. He said he was never noticed so much before.

The Parsi Girl

Later on I discovered another Indian. She was a Parsi girl from Bombay in an European costume with an Italian man. Her peculiar nose gave me the clue and I ventured a remark in Gujarati. It hit the mark to disturb her. She even spoke Italian and the way she looked at the handsome Italian by her side would have made many a Parsi boy commit murder. She was doing in Rome, as Romans do!

The Opera ended at 1 a.m. and 20,000 people marched out of the Baths with a precise discipline

which provided a surprise to an Indian who has so often seen a thousand people creating a stampede while leaving a theatre in his own country.

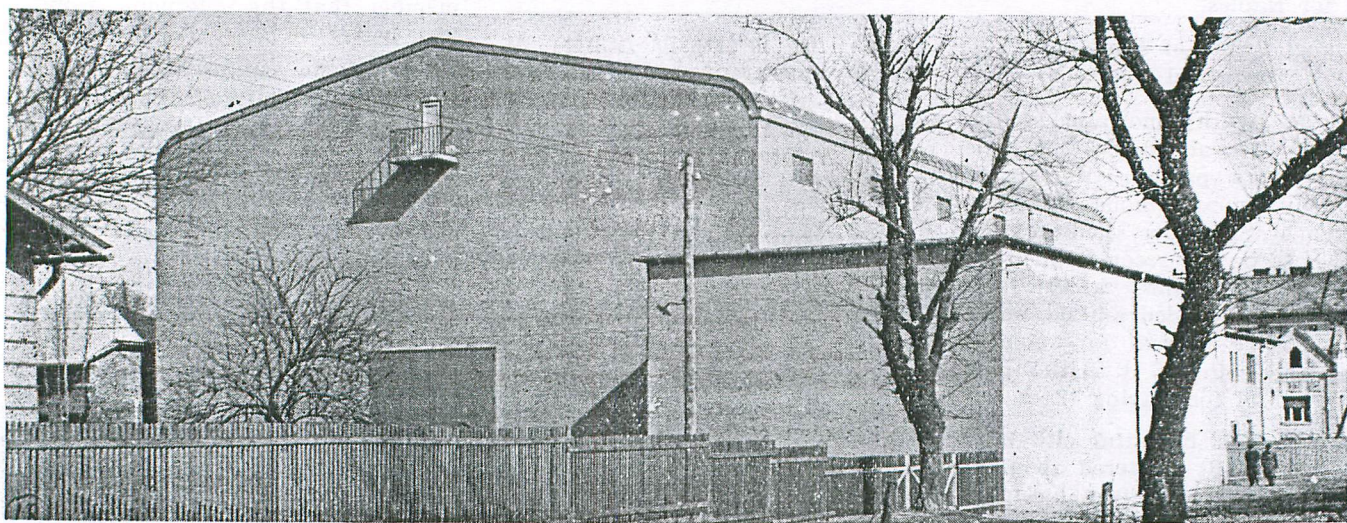
City of Gondolas

On the 9th of July I reached Venice—the City of Gondolas. Any one who calls Venice a beautiful place is either a liar or a blind man. It is the dirtiest place in the whole of Italy and its waterways are responsible for the impression. The Grand Canal and its numerous arms are a mass of dirty stinking water which moves lazily about making life heavy and uninteresting. Venice has only two attractions; one being the St. Marcus Square where everyone in Venice assembles at least twice a day and the other is the Lido on an island nearby where the Municipal-controlled Cafe Metropole provides the night life after the continental fashion.

The Cafe Metropole has, however, a greater variety of Cabaret programmes than the Casino Delle Rose in Rome and it naturally charges more for its drinks than the other place. Two days in Venice were more than enough for a man to get sick. And I did get sick.

I had finished with Italy and I was on my way to Budapest.

(To be continued)



The HUNNIA Studio—the biggest one in Hungary—is situated 4 miles out of the Budapest city. It has four shooting stages.

CLEAN CAUGHT,—THE CRITIC

Bombay Talkies' "Durga", starring
Devika Rani, Compels Praise

(By 'Featureman')

ONCE in a long while, critics—even film critics—suffer an attack of loss of memory. They forget that their job is to criticise and they start, full-throated, on a chorus of acclaim.

The truth is, that the critics are charmed into a hypnotised frame of mind. To hypnotise the hard boiled, self conscious clan of film critics, is no easy task; nor one that anyone or any picture can accomplish. One that achieves it, has passed the final test in showmanship.

Bombay Talkies Ltd., have passed that with ease. Their "Durga" has done the trick. There isn't a critic that counts, who has not vied with the rest of his class in making his voice heard above the critics' chorus in praise of "Durga"!

Those who are most jealous of the their own opinions, have been the most enthusiastic.

"To miss it will be a misfortune!" That comes from one with the same reputation among film critics as the hawk has among the winged species.

"If anyone asked me for a film picturising India's village Life," says another eagle-eyed critic, "I would recommend Durga. If anyone wanted to see first-rate acting, I would ask him to see Devika Rani in Durga".

How completely true! For once the critic has been the mouthpiece of the public—a function

which, according to some authorities, belongs to the critic, but which the critic generally insists on disclaiming.

"Durga" is beautifully natural, warmly human. That is how unanimous public praise finds echo in the critics' unanimous acclaim.

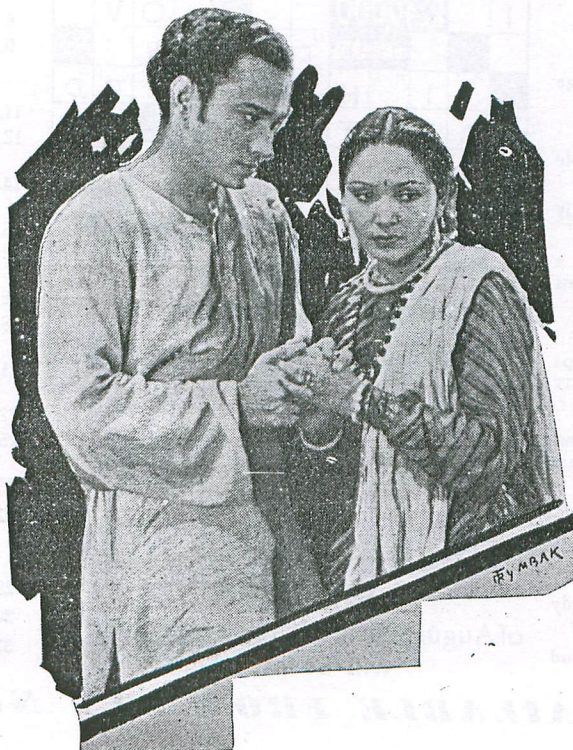
Of the component beauties of "Durga", the performance of Devika Rani has attracted most attention. It has also taken the loudest applause. Behind the beautiful naturalness of her performance, is an intelligent understanding of the role, of which is born a spiritual sympathy that we call screen personality.

That analysis, in varying degrees but essentially, goes for the rest of the cast in "Durga". Regular film "fans" are struck by the amazing progress made by Rama Shukul within just three steps—from "Bhabi" to "Nav Jeevan" and "Durga."

The result is that "Durga" is enjoying an enviable popularity in Bombay, where it is in its third month at the Roxy.

"Durga" is thus in great demand throughout the country. It has already been released at the Novelty, Delhi, and the reception there rivals the acclaim of Bombay.

In annals of film criticism in India, "Durga" will long be remembered as the picture that caught the critics clean.....on their own grounds!



Devika Rani and Rama Shukul in Bombay Talkies' DURGHA

OVER Rs. 40,000 IN AWARDS

HUGE SPECIAL OFFER

FIRST PRIZE: RS. 20,000 AND RS. 500 MONTHLY FOR 12 MONTHS OR

Rs. 25,000 down

RUNNERS-UP: Rs. 10,000 • TRIPLE PRIZES • FREE GIFTS

EXTRA PRIZES: DE LUXE DOUBLE PRESENT FOR EACH ALL CORRECT AND ONE ERROR SOLVER. HANDSOME DOUBLE GIFT FOR EACH TWO ERROR SOLVER. DOUBLE BONUS AWARD FOR EACH THREE ERROR SOLVER. MERIT BONUS FOR EACH FOUR ERROR SOLVER.

"COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD" No. 158

Rs. 20,000 Down and Rs. 500 monthly for 12 months, — or Rs. 25,000 Down! If you had to choose between these alternatives which would you prefer? This is not merely a pleasant abstract problem, but one which you may actually have to decide very soon if you enter for this Competition. Apart from that covetable alternative First Prize there is a large sum reserved for Runners-up and unlimited attractive Extra Awards for all solvers who commit four errors or less. As usual, those who solve the Clues with the greatest care will reap the largest rewards — so do not fail to *think before you ink!*

CLUES ACROSS

- You now have this kind of opportunity to enrich yourself
- As a rule the more vain a person is the easier it is to this him
- This spirit is distilled from sugar-cane
- Unless one handles this with discretion one is liable to be hurt by it
- To change position
- Common beverage
- It often calls for great courage to this a wrong
- Hair grown on the chin
- That of highly intelligent people is often conspicuous
- After effects of one are usually most distressing!
- When tackling employers for a job it is usually the brightest applicant who obtains this
- Limb
- Skilful hairdressing often helps to enhance their natural beauty
- To place a thing into something
- A little this often causes an impatient man to lose his temper
- Slippery fish
- This game of Eastern origin is played on horseback
- Its appeal often leads foolhardy youngsters into grave danger
- Young people are apt to respond thus to direct flattery

CLOSING DATE SEPTEMBER 14th.

N.B.—The Entry Fee in this Competition is Re. 1 per Entry Square and Entry Squares will be published in the issues of August 20th, 27th and September 3rd.



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ONLY ENTRY SQUARES
CUT OUT FROM

"THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
OF INDIA"

of August 20th, 27th or September 3rd
will be accepted.

CLUES DOWN

- What a brave boy is apt to display when threatened by a bully
- Fear of punishment sometimes makes a guilty person this
- To do this really well calls for expert knowledge and a lot of practice
- Precious stone
- They usually become very upset when they are abused
- Falsehood
- When they're in love even the manliest men seem to become this!
- Eggs
- Their experiences sometimes inspire us with foolish envy
- To regard with disgust and dislike
- Lack of spirit sometimes causes a person to this against a weaker rival
- Half suppressed laugh
- Deliberate one from a neighbour is apt to be extremely annoying
- Person who is this often puts a great strain on one's politeness
- Jumbled spelling of *spills*
- Alas! how easy it is for a man to be misled by one
- What a ship is manned by
- Whether or not it scores a hit depends largely on how well it is directed
- Born
- Same beverage as No. 13 Across
- Most children are delighted with a new one

COPIES AVAILABLE FROM ALL NEWSAGENTS

The EDITOR'S MAIL

Readers "when you are worried" write to me. I will do my best in serving you. Serious matters will be treated seriously, while flippant letters will receive like replies.—The Editor.

From: Profulla Dalal (Ahmedabad)

Do they produce motion pictures in Japan? If they do why don't they send their pictures to India?

Isn't it enough that they send everything else to India and starve our other industries? It is a lucky thing that people in India don't understand the Japanese language as otherwise they would have sent their films also to this country. Yes, they do produce a lot of pictures of their own in which no kissing scenes are allowed. That is one thing they have not yet taken from the West.

Where is Rajkumari of "Devdas" fame at present? Will you please give me her address?

Very sorry I cannot give the address now as she is married and happy. Her husband is one Mr. Motilal Kheitan from Calcutta. You can ask about the other Rajkumari now if you are merely interested in the name.

Who replies to these questions in the absence of Baburao Patel?

Like a king an editor never dies. Do you find any difference in the replies? Are they not as good or as bad as before?

From: M. N. Tanna (Pretoria)

Will Mr. Baburao Patel of "Filmindia" fame send me his autographed photo if I ask for one?

Which means that you are not asking for one—you are just feeling the ground. Try it, it is worth while once in a way to ask for the photo of a tall, clumsy man in preference to the charming stars we have got.

Why are some of the film stars very fat and some very thin?

It is a matter of individual constitution and in addition a lot depends on the constitution of the studio.

Why don't you come to visit South Africa?

Let me finish with the rest of the world and one day you will be surprised when I knock at your door. Then, don't say that you are out.

From: S. V. Prabhat Kumar (Poona)

How many Vasantees has the Indian screen exhibited so far?

Only one that matters. The other that came on the screen was a picture of that name and I am still wondering why it was called so.

From: Marla Krishna Murty (Cocanada)

What do you think of the acting talents of the following: Devika Rani, Shanta Apte, Kanan Bala and Sulochana?

Good acting depends on a suitable role. Kanan's acting in "Vidyapati" will take a long time to be beaten, while Devika was excellent in "Achhut Kanya", Sulochana has many laurels to her name. There was a time when none could beat her but now time has beaten her. Shanta Apte acts better off the screen than on it. Poor girl, I have not seen her on the screen for a long time and God alone knows when we shall next see her.

Which is the best Music director from the following: Pankaj Mullick, R. C. Boral and Master Krishna Rao?

For the talkies, I think Pankaj Mullick is by far the best. He has a lilt which the others haven't in the same degree. But as a musician, I would easily place Krishna Rao as the best.

From: Abbas M. Khakoo (Dar-es-Salaam)

The crossword puzzle appearing on page 12 of your June issue is of no use to the overseas subscribers. The closing date mentioned is 23rd June while your June issue was actually received on the 30th June. Is it possible to despatch the issue a fortnight earlier to the overseas subscribers?

You are labouring under a little misunderstanding. The puzzle that you see is an advertisement of the Illustrated Weekly and the copies of this Weekly must be reaching your town in time for you to solve the puzzle and send the solution to Bombay. You cannot enter the competition with the "Filmindia" advertisement, which is merely to be seen and a copy of the Weekly has to be bought to qualify for the competition. Why don't you try this once? Many people have made this their spare time occupation and let me tell you that it is a fascinating game.

To what caste does Bhudo Advani belong?

He is a Hindu from Sindh.

Which are the actors who play comedy parts and who stands first?

What you think to be comedy is merely a tragedy of intentions. We have hardly any good comedians in the real sense of the term. The question of standing first therefore does not arise.

From: P. M. Sundaram (Madras)

Which was the first silent film produced by the Prabhat Film Co., and which was their first talking picture?

The first silent picture was "Gopal Krishna". It was produced ten years back and the first talkie was "The King of Ayodhya".

Will you please help me, by some way or other, to get an autographed photo of Shanta Apte?

A Great "ADMI"



Producer Shantaram of Prabhat - He has no time to walk, so he runs! He is evidently pleased about the prospects of his "Admi".

That is a difficult job. Just at present she is not in a frame of mind to oblige. Please ask me another.

From: Ravi Venkatapati Rao (Mopidevi)

Which is the better picture: 'Devata' or 'Dushman'?

"Devata" having a thought-provoking theme, I liked it more than "Dushman". "Dushman" was merely incidental and did not show any flight of thought while "Devata" was a study in human nature. But technically "Dushman" was far, far superior.

From: Bhalthandra K. Desai (Poona)

I am surprised to see that there are no photos of Prabhat's forthcoming film in Filmindia?

There is something wrong with your eyesight. Didn't you see the eight page photogravure supplement in the July and August issues? Do you know that "Filmindia" always prints the Prabhat photos exclusively?

From: Meer Saheb (Nagpur)

In almost all the Wadia releases the story is cast in some native state and generally the situations are full of state intrigues. Why so?

You are asking me a difficult question. To-morrow if you start throwing stones at people, can I ask, why so? The method of Wadia production is an inexplicable phenomenon and I can't tell you anything precise. Let me however inform you that some of those pictures which you think funny, make good money. That may be one reason.

Who acts best from the following: Prem Adib, Rama Shukal and Jairaj?

I think Rama Shukal, though a new comer, is by far the best.

Please let me know the weight of Bibbo in pounds?

In sterling or avoirdupois?

From: A. H. Memon (Bombay)

I have heard that Maya Bannerjee is married and her husband is an actor in Sagar. What is the name of her husband?

You are absolutely right as regards the first portion of the question. Her husband's name is Yusuf and it is a good name.

From: Mahd. Shafi, School Teacher (Port Blair)

Write down a sentence about each of the following: Zubeida, Padma Devi, Sulochana and Shanta Apte?

These are complete poems and why are you hankering after prose? Why do you want me to paraphrase? You are the wrong one to teach a class of young men.

September 1939

From: S. S. Kalawant (Gadag)

Here, at Gadag, there is a fashionable lady who is in the habit of riding on the bicycle daily and the people call her "Hunterwali"?

You are getting a show without paying. But really she should be called "Cyclewali". Please ask your people to change this otherwise Mohan Pictures may file a defamation suit against Wadia Pictures. This misnomer is an outrage, now that "Cyclewali" has been produced and ran so well too.

From: G. R. Nanjunda Swamy (Chamarajanagar)

Are you related to Devika Rani?

Oh, yes, I am her critic.

What are your qualifications as an editor?

To reply to a straight question in a crooked way, which, by the way, makes the readers ask crooked questions.

From: Hanmantrao N. Hallikeri (Haliyal)

People tell me that New Theatres' pictures are Urdu although the distributors advertise them as Hindi?

Yes, some of them are partly right because the N. T. pictures do have a greater sprinkling of Urdu and naturally become difficult to understand, especially for people in your province. But if you tell this to the man who writes the dialogues he will never admit. He will insist on saying that they are in simple—very simple Hindi.

Is any one in India producing educational pictures?

No one at present. One man had started a concern of that name for producing some pictures of educational interest but now he is doing film journalism in Gujrati. Bad luck. By the way he never went beyond the letter paper and the visiting card stage.

From: A. V. Raju (Bangalore City)

During Christmas I am going to Madras. How can I get the permission to see the film studios there?

Call on Mr. K. Subramanyam of Madras United Artistes. Show him this issue and tell him my name and he will show you round. He is a friend of mine and he will never let you down.

From: P. Abhilash (Bangalore)

Which is the better picture: "The President" or "Dushman"?

I liked Dushman better. Didn't you?

From: S. H. I. Jaffry (Hoshangabad)

I have been requesting some of the New Theatre stars for autographed portraits but—

And I have been requesting their producers but—

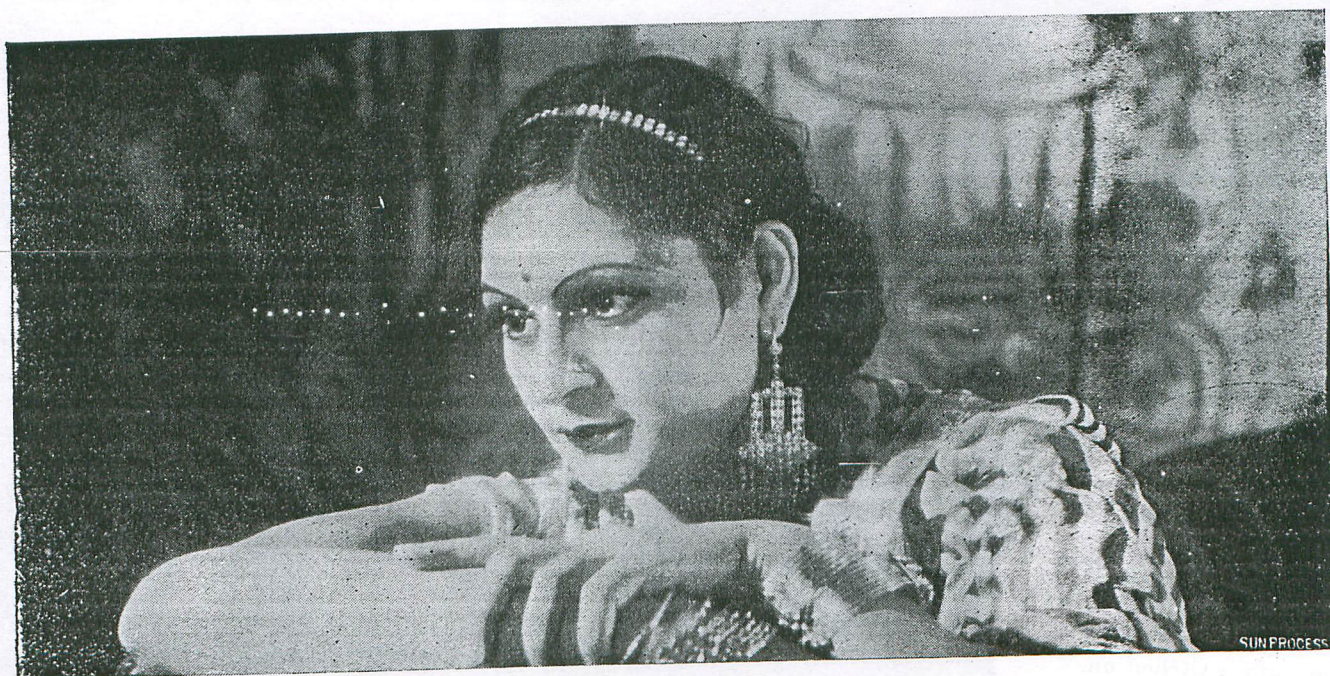
From: G. S. Thakur (Raipur)

Who is the better of the two in directing: Kardar or Jayant Desai?

See "Sant Tulsidas" and decide.

From: C. A. Das (Masulipatam)

Who is better in singing: Meera or Renuka Devi? Meera. Any objection?



Sarojini, the heroine of "Sansar Naiya" a Paramount Picture now showing at the Lamington Talkies, Bombay.



A study in portrait lighting — Hilde Krahl — the Tobis star — with her glamour fully switched on.

What are the present activities of Durga Khote?
She has worked with Ranjit in a picture called "Adhuri Kahani".

From: L. S. Verma (Bhatapara)

In which picture is Meenakshi at her best?

Of course in "Brahmachari". Didn't you see the swimming costume?

I want an autographed photo of Meenakshi in her bathing costume?

Huns people will, if you like, sell you the costume if you pay well.

What about Parshuram? Is he alive?

Yes, very much so.

From: Satish Chandra (Allahabad)

Who is the director of the film "Poornima" and what do you think of it?

This was a Prakash picture directed by Mr. Balvant Bhat one of the senior directors at the studios. My opinion of the picture appears in the review published in one of the previous issues.

What happened to those old comedians: Ghory and Dixit?

They were on a ticket of leave for some time, but now they have been again taken by the Ranjit Movietone, probably to rebuild the old atmosphere for the shooting of "The Return of Toofan Mail".

From: V. M. Ashar (Calcutta)

Does any film actress use khaddar?

You will have to wait till Mahatma Gandhi starts film production.

From: S. Ruiya (Bombay)

Is Anuradha of "The Only Way" the same as Sushila of "Mother India"?

Yes, the very same. Director Mehboob probably felt like indulging in an artificial feeling of novelty, so he named her differently.

Why has "Bari-Didi", which is one of the best pictures India has produced, failed?

Because people are fools and they don't yet know which is a really good picture and for what it should be seen.

From: T. G. Tolani (Calcutta)

Between Sadhona Bose and Leila Desai, who excels in dancing?

I think Sadhona Bose is a shade better in grace and technique.

From: K. S. Kamath (Bombay)

I bought a delegate ticket of the Indian Motion Picture Congress to see Shanta Apte and Meenaxi, but they did not make an appearance. Why?

I don't know why. They may have been sick. Why not ask them to share your refund of the ticket?

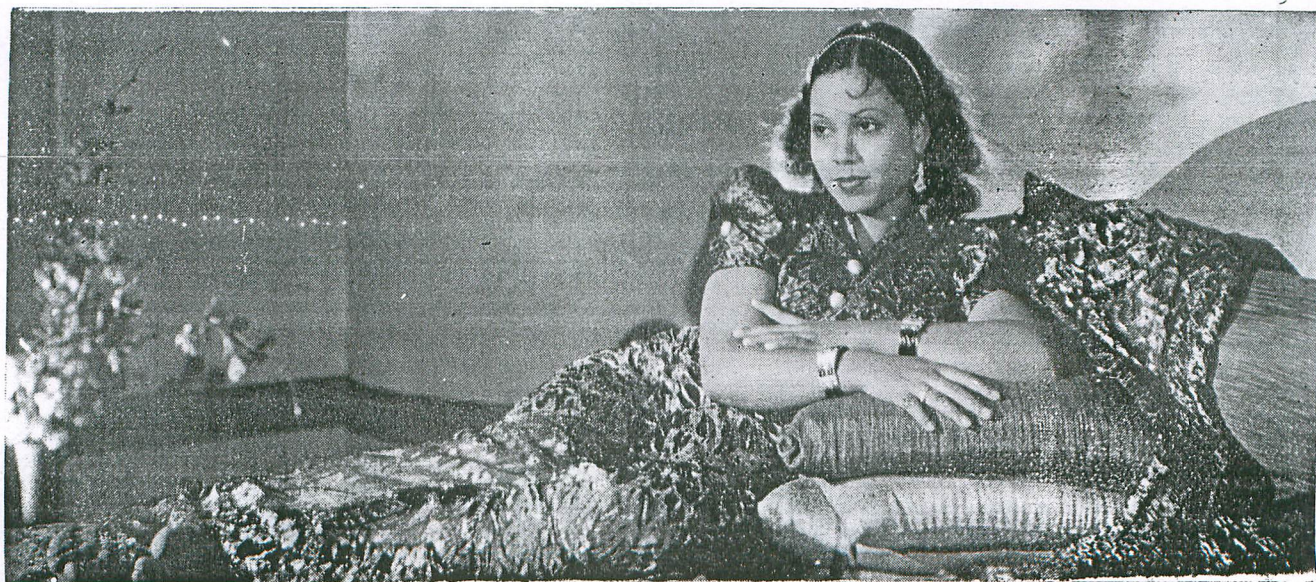
From: Rajeshwar Prasad (Arrah)

Has any woman directed a screen play?

Bai Jaddan Bai of Bombay. She has not only directed but conceived, written, harmonized, acted and floated a picture.

If songs are not put in a picture, it will be as dry as a Sahara. Do you agree?

No. Let us have a Sahara, so when a song comes we take it like an oasis. At present it is boggy marsh where songs are found like weeds.



Sitara rests on soft pillows, with folded arms, but has something different on her mind. See her in Supreme Pictures' "My Eyes".

Septic Germs Lurk Everywhere

The Least Scratch will let them in!

To leave healing to chance is to invite trouble. Practice **SAFETY FIRST** by keeping a tin of Cuticura Ointment handy and using it promptly on all Cuts, Scratches and Abrasions, however trifling. Cuticura Ointment kills septic germs and repels them. No germ can get

into a cut once Cuticura is applied. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It gives you the protection of the finest antiseptic, **PLUS** great healing power.

Cuticura is the world's finest healer for all skin eruptions.

A touch of Cuticura Keeps Germs Out!

Use Cuticura Ointment to relieve & heal
**Dhobi's Itch, Prickly Heat,
Ulcers, Bad Legs, Pimples, Boils,
Abscesses, Eczema, Cuts, Burns
and Septic Festering Eruptions.**

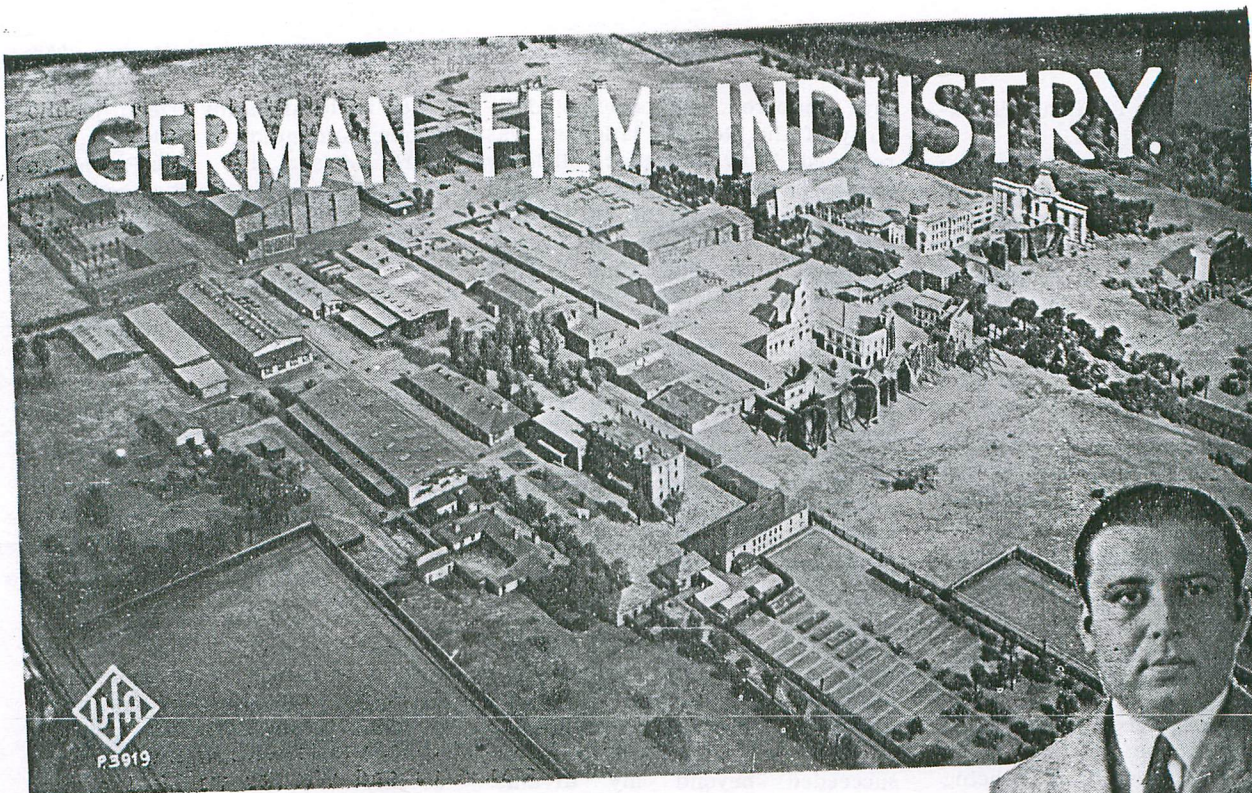
Sold by all Chemists and Bazaars.

NOTE.—Skin sufferers should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has wonderful soothing and emollient properties which are highly beneficial to the skin and complexion.

Sample of Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum sent on receipt of 3 annas. Address: **Muller & Phipps (India) Ltd., P.O. Box 773, Bombay.**



GERMAN FILM INDUSTRY.



GERMAN STATISTICS AT A GLANCE

1. Five leading producers between them have over twelve studios, mostly in and around Berlin: "Ufa", "Tobis", "Terra" (In Berlin), "Wien" (In Vienna), and "Bavaria" (In Munich).

2. Thirty other small independent producers produce pictures in one or the other of the above studios.

3. Germany produces nearly 120 pictures (long features) every year; out of which Ufa turns out nearly 36 every year, Tobis nearly 50 every year and the rest are produced by the small producers.

4. Germany has over 8,000 well equipped theatres for a population of a little over 80 millions.

5. In additions to the above, Germany has 700 motor vans, either of one ton or one and half tons each, fully equipped with two portable 35 mm talkie projectors, which vans constantly travel about and spread the national propaganda in the villages, every year.

6. And Germany has over 65 per cent of schools and other edu-

cational institutions equipped with 16 mm projectors for giving visual education to the students. By the way, this education is compulsory and is controlled by an independent department. In another three years all the schools in Germany will be fully equipped in this way.

7. Germany has only twelve papers, exclusively devoted to the screens out of which two are trade dailies with a circulation between three to five thousand copies per day; two are trade weeklies with about the same circulation; one monthly trade paper with a circulation of 3,000 copies; two fortnightly technical papers with a circulation of a little over 2,000 copies per month; and five fan papers with varying circulations; "Filmwett" a weekly fan paper has a circulation of over 150,000 copies per week. The oldest German film paper is a daily called "Licht Bild Buhne" and has just completed 30 years. Strangely enough Germany has no magazine to compete with the excellence of "Filmindia" and they were all surprised to know that we could sell such a good magazine at eight annas. The multiple features of

"Filmindia", embracing all items of interest from the technical to the fan section surprised the methodical Germans, who are used to thinking in specialized grooves of things.

8. In Germany most of the pictures are produced in the German language, but a few are occasionally produced in French with French artistes.

9. The Ufa is a national institution, the Government holding over 60 per cent of the total shares.

10. The entire German film industry is fully responsible to the Reich Film Kammer which in turn is controlled by the Propaganda Ministry of the Government. There are numerous other departments between these two controls, such as: The Village Propaganda Department; The Visual Education

Department, The Political Propaganda Department etc.,

11. Germany has a national institution for training people in all the departments of the film industry. It is called the Deutsche Film Akademie and is situated at Babelsburg near the Ufa Studios. This film academy is a perfect institution having the latest equipment and employing the services of seasoned experts.

12. Everything that is required for the film industry, from a nail to a star, is either manufactured or found in the country and Germany does not buy anything from any other country. The industry is therefore fully indigenous.

Propaganda An Obsession With Modern Germans

Now let me proceed with a short description of the German Film Industry. Comrade Hirlekar being

my chaperon, the principal difficulty of the German language was removed. They say, that Hirlekar speaks as good German as a good German does. Having heard the non-stop flood of this stern, jaw-breaking language from him, I endorse the general impression.

The modern German is obsessed with the magic word "Propaganda". Germany has never been so conscious of propaganda as it is now. Somehow every German believes that the present "prosperity" of their nation is the direct outcome of clever propaganda. In a large way it is true.

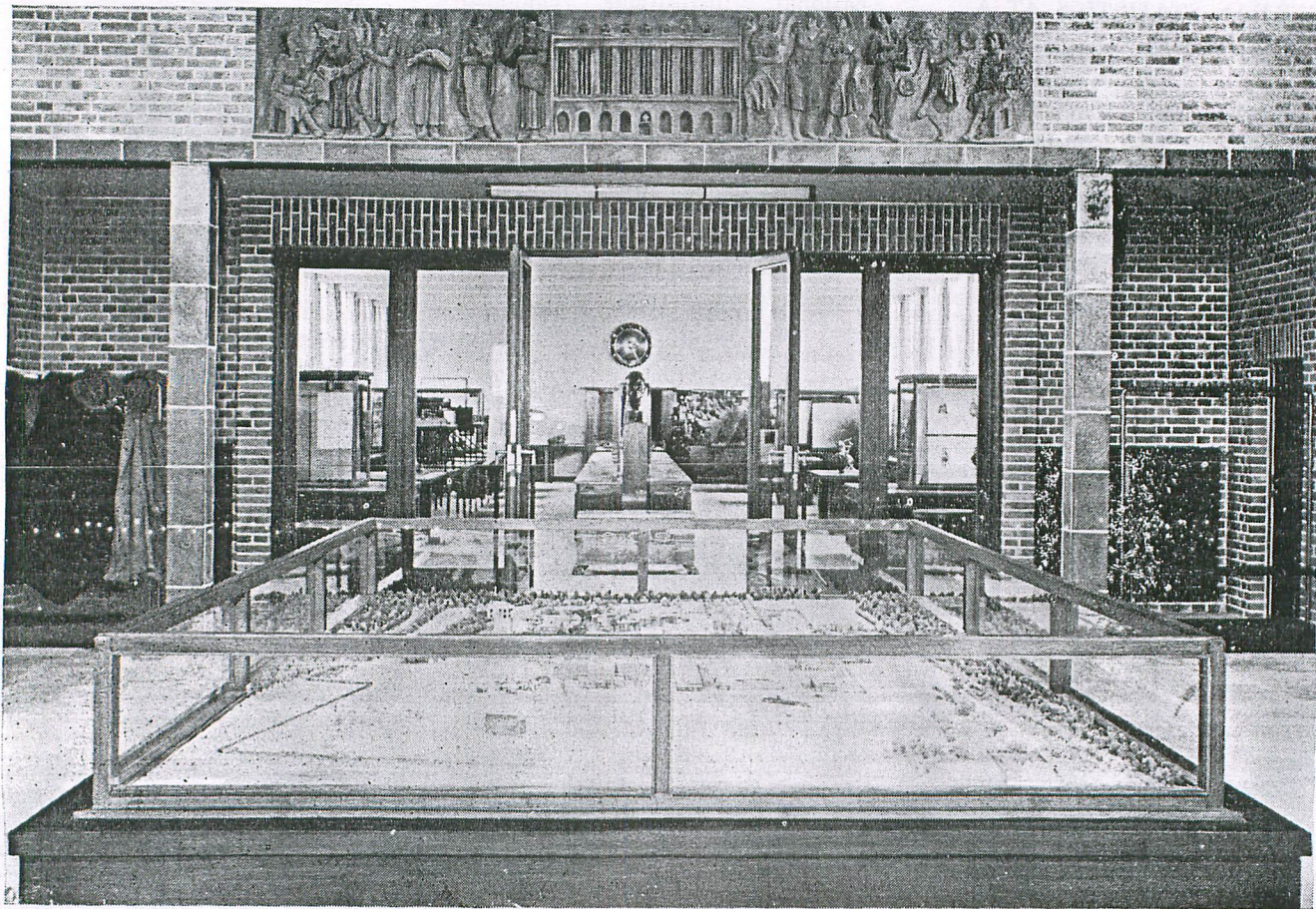
With the word "Propaganda" as the ruling obsession of the day the gates to a foreign journalist are always open, provided the approach is correct. My usual practice of beginning from the top succeeded beyond my dreams.

With Hirlekar as my friend, philosopher and guide, I called on Mr. Carl Melsar, the Vice-President of the Reich Film Chamber, the highest executive authority on films in the country.

CORDIALLY RECEIVED

Mr. Melsar is a very genial man and knows a bit of English. The more difficult of my requirement were of course explained to him in German by friend Hirlekar.

And then followed a series of visits to the different studios different papers—different national institutions—different departments—different officials—fortunately punctuated by demi-official lunches at different clubs—and all this was arranged on the telephone with a characteristic sharpness and punctuality. At the appointed time, people were waiting to take us and whether we liked or not



A view of the Ufa Museum (Lehrschau). In the foreground we see a plaster model of the different studios and the grounds.

Chum Hirlekar, who by the way, thoroughly enjoyed all this.

UFA THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION

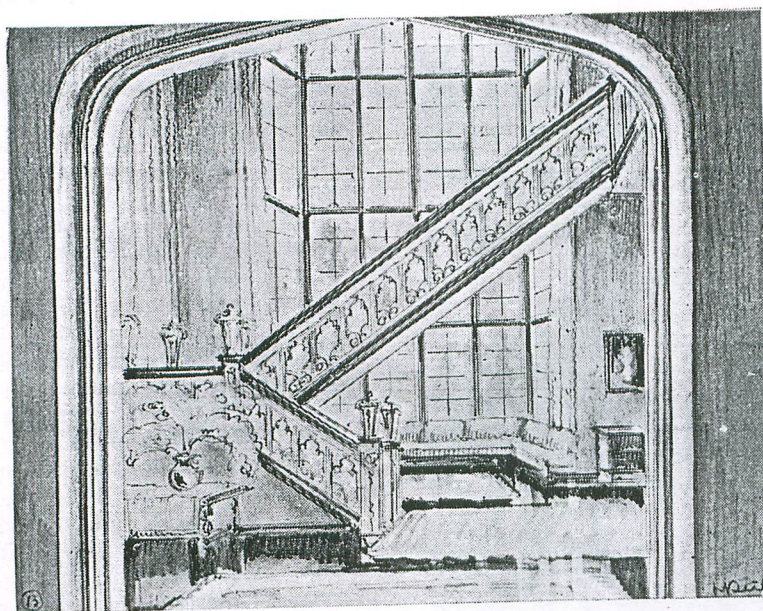
The most important item of the whole programme was the visit to the Ufa Studios. It is as important as going to Agra and seeing the Taj.

One sunny morning Count Carl Schonfeldt arrived in his big Horch car at our Hotel and introducing himself as one of the principal executives of Ufa, invited us to visit the studio. I think, it was again a telephone arrangement from quarters where people generally whisper.

One of the jolliest persons I have met, Count Carl has in addition a charming personality. With fluent English (probably he had what is discreetly known as a "sleeping" dictionary—not a rare thing among highly placed intellectuals) he kept the conversation for ten miles—the distance between the big Ufa studios at Babelsburg and Berlin.

THE MAGIC WORD

The Nazi salute at the gates was flattering. "Heil Hitler" has become a magic word in modern Germany and I don't think that even a honeymoon can be complete without the bridegroom



Planning beforehand is the secret of Ufa success. Here are two photos of a setting as the artist conceived it

we had also to be ready in time for all of them.

My original idea had been to stay only for two days in Berlin. As things turned out I left on the tenth day and allow me to state that every minute was well employed, seeing or knowing something or someone new.

Contrary to my expectations, the German courtesy and hospitality warmed up to the boiling point and I was cordially received everywhere. Special shows of two year old films like "The Nanga Parbat" and "The Olympic Games" were arranged for me. An important official, Mr. Curt Belling, the chief of the Village Propaganda Department with its 700 motor vans, allowed us an inspection of his activities, of course with the inevitable Nazi salute "Heil Hitler" and took us fifty miles out of Berlin to the village of "Rangsdorf" with 1,500 inhabitants and showed us how the department worked out its plans in a local casino.

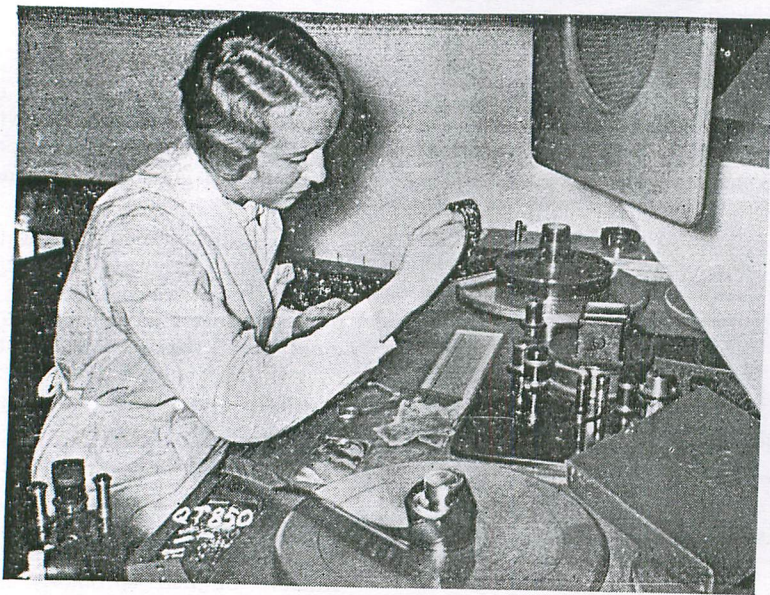
Carl Melsar, the Vice-President of the Reich Film Chamber gave a big luncheon at the Artists' Club (I forget its German name) and introduced me to several offi-

cers of the Administration. I think it was the first time that an Indian journalist was so received. And thanks Melsar.

And so on between demi official lunches and dinners, ten days of industrial and instructional sight seeing passed off. At times, I was even bored with the extra dose of courtesy and I passed some on to



and as it ultimately looked in the picture.



The Cutting Girl. Numerous intelligent girls, one finds in the cutting department of Tobis and other studios.

uttering it before taking up his greater responsibilities finally. The salutation comes echoing back to you from all corners wherever you are and as it serves for both the sexes and for all times of the day, the insipid "Good Morning and Good Evening" are out of fashion in Germany.

We were first taken to the Lehrschau (The Museum or rather The Exhibition) of the Ufa Studios. Here in a pretty big room, every activity of Ufa is seen either in a pretty model or in a precise paper drawing. A lot of money seems to have been spent in maintaining this instructional department under the control of Baron von Steinaecker, the Director of the Lehrschau.

With the Baron and the Count explaining things in detail, with Hirlekar and me asking a thousand questions, the Museum gave us three hours of solid work which naturally called for a good lunch. It was ready with Count Carl as the official host. The Ufa Cafe is bigger than the Cornaglia's in Bombay and can accommodate over 2000 persons at a time. A pretty contrast with our "Chhhaiwallas" (tea shops) in our studios.

THE TRICK HOUSE OF UFA

After the lunch a visit to the different departments was indicated. With characteristic patience Count Carl took us from one department to another, or from one sound stage to another and the final impression we got was that Ufa is the Wonder Studio of Germany and a big wonder at that.

What interested me most was the "Trick House" of Ufa where spectacular scenes like volcanic eruptions, aeroplane crashings, earthquakes etc. are all manufactured with a diabolic accuracy that must be admitted as scientifically marvellous. Some of the photographs published with this articles tell the tale better than merely describing the numerous technical departments, which needless to say are equipped with the latest requirements. In addition, every department has a research laboratory of its own, where an expert is all the while experimenting on new improvements and new plans for his department. These experts are never satisfied. They are forever progressing.

The Microscopic photography has a unique department to itself. The time I visited it, the lady in charge, Frauleine Hertcha Julius, the only woman in that position in the whole world, was busy taking a film of tiny frog eggs for an educational picture. Here I discovered the tracks of our two cameramen: Messrs. Ambalal and Goverdhanbhai Patel who had signed their names in the Visitor's Book which is the next best obsession of Frauleine Hertcha after she finishes with the eggs.

(Continued on page 35)



Editing the Film in Ufa. The Revolving Kiosk is a very useful idea for filing the different scenes in a picture and saves time and energy when you want a certain scene.



ROSE—

The Gohar Gold Medal Winner as she appears in Ranjit's new social 'Adhuri Kahani' directed by Chaturbhuj A. Doshi now being shown at the West End Talkies.

K. Ahmad Abbas Writes An Impo

My Dear Hollywood,

I write this letter to you not in spirit of hostility but as an old friend. Our friendship dates back to a day in 1920 when I, a lad of



British Beauty and (by way of contrast) a dark, menacing "native"!

six, was taken to see an open air cinema show—we called it 'Bioscope' then in my little town in the north of India!

Nineteen years have passed and I have to thank you for the cavalcade of art and entertainment you have provided—Eddie Polo and Bill Harts' cowboy 'thrillers', Charlie Chaplin, Clara Bow and her "It", Rudolph Valentino, the Garbo, Paul Muni, Mickey Mouse and the March of Time! I would be ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge all that you have done to brighten those hours of my life when I have taken refuge in cinemas to escape from the dull monotony of a drab existence. I see a lot of Indian films these days but even for them I have to thank you, Hollywood, for it was you who inspired us to take up film production.

I have watched your magnificently dizzy career with admiration—and with apprehension. Even you would not deny that now and then you did act in a way that gave your friends and well-wishers cause for alarm. You got enamoured of the Wall Street barons, and allowed them to hound out your sincere devotees like William Fox. As your Bank balance rose higher, you also kept

yourself from the common run of men among whom you were born and indulged in unspeakable orgies of sensuous adventures and escapades. But, then, you were young and inexperienced and easily susceptible to the temptations of the devil. Far be it from me to hold such youthful indiscretions against you, especially as you show distinct signs of turning a new leaf.

But there is one thing of which, as a friend, I must complain—because it is so unworthy of you. It is (to use your own graphic language) your "cock-eyed" attitude towards the world's weaker peoples, subject races and enslaved nations—the Negroes, the Chinese, the Red Indians and we the Indians of India!

Look back at all the films in which characters representative of our people have appeared. We have been either the crooks or the clowns. The Red Indians have al-



For "Gungadin", they planned the sets but ignored the sentiment.

ways been tearing up railroad tracks and killing white men, the Negroes have been cringing family servants and the Chinaman has been making you laugh with his pidgin English. Did you ever try to figure out why Red Indians resented the railroad intrusion, how Negroes came to be generally employed for domestic and menial service and why the mild Chinese had to struggle with an alien tongue? If you had thought of these things you would have sympathized with these people instead of ridiculing them. Many of your pet notions are hopelessly out-of-date. During my recent tour I met Chinese youths who speak as good American as any

full-blooded Yankee and I saw Negroes in the highest of social positions—professors, doctors, lawyers, journalists, musicians and artists. All the same, you continue to represent them in your pictures as butlers, lift-boys and domestic servants and the Chinese still continue to provoke guffaws by spinning out silly, silky 'oriental' phrases.

No other people, however, have suffered so much from this "cock-eyed" attitude of yours as we the Indians—of India! Take any of your "Indian epics"—"India Speaks", "Lives Of a Bengal Lancer", "Clive Of India", "Wee Willie Winkie" or "Gungadin". They all follow an unvarying pattern. All the British characters are honest, jolly souls while all "natives" are scheming, treacherous, unscrupulous devils. All but one or two! These (like the water-carrier in "Gungadin") are the faithful few, always cringing before their White masters, serving as a model of how all loyal "natives" must behave towards their rulers. Is it any wonder that we, who are fighting for the freedom of our country do not like to be represented in this light? It is possible—as it is but natural—that we are at present a little over-sensitive about such matters. But I ask you: How would you have liked the British, on the eve of your glorious War of Independence, to have produced films generally depicting Americans as villains but glorifying a few treacherous Americans who were loyal to Britain—and then to have exhibited them in American theatres?



"Civilized" Englishmen and the half-clad Indian boy-prince in "Drums".

Exercise a little Hollywood, and you why "Gungadin" ca favourite hero.

Now don't think am accusing you ing really anti-of your people inely sympathetic t are fed on imperial like Katherine M India". Then they retired British mili "technical advisor"



Sabu of the ele alleged Prince

commendation of the in Washington. I tation to quote t anachronisms ar they are responsibl you only one que not have been sill technical advisor from Spain, the rialist ruler of Mex

Director William charming and un who stopped here some weeks ago, declaring that Sa boy hero of "Drum

Important LETTER TO HOLLYWOOD

the imagination, you would know can never be our

k for a minute I you of be- ti-Indian. Some people are genu- e to us but they alist propaganda Mayo's "Mother they import some military officers as " at the recom-



elephants as an eg in "Drum".

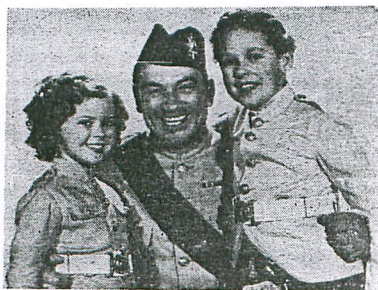
a British Embassy resist the temp- the innumerable and absurdities ble for. But I ask question: Would it ally to import a er for "Juarez" erstwhile impe- Mexico?

am Keighley, a unprejudiced man. e for a few hours e, shocked us by Sabu, the Indian ms." was India's

best advertisement in America. In that Alexander Korda production, this dark young South Indian boy plays a Frontier prince who, under the influence of the godly British, turns out to be just and loyal, in contrast with the other characters that are villainous. So, you see, Sabu perhaps may be popular in America but this popularity is based on the imperialist axiom-- that Indians, as a rule, are unscrupulous and uncivilized except the few who have learnt the virtues from the British. The popularity of Gungadin or the boy prince played by Sabu in "Drums" or of the servant played by Ceaser Romero in "The Little Princess" is the popularity of a faithful dog or horse—not of ordinary human beings, equally good or bad, as an average Briton or American. Personally, I would rather be depicted as a scheming villain than a servile, cringing toady.

Another thing. Sometimes quite unwillingly and without any motive to hurt us, you cause offence by your ignorance about our culture and traditions. For instance, in a short comedy I saw long ago, "Everybody Likes Music", Mahatma Gandhi was shown dancing in a salon full of drunkards. Now Gandhi holds a position in India which is a cross between that of Jesus Christ and President Roosevelt and naturally we don't relish such scenes. So, my dear Hollywood, try to understand this land of ours, our culture, our traditions, sympathise with our aspirations, laugh with us not at us.

Don't think we are your enemies because we have banned "Gunga-



In "Wee Willie Winkie", even Shirley's charm was exploited for Imperialist propaganda.

din". We owed it to our self-respect to ban it. We will fight like hell to ban every other picture that seeks to slander us—purposeily or unwittingly! But what we would like better is to make you understand why we resent such pictures. And don't think we are alone. We have the support of progressives all over the world. Do you know that a distinguished American critic called Gunga Din "a dirty snivelling joke on India" and a famous English novelist wrote to me, "I would despise every Indian who did not protest against such films"?

We continue to be your friends, your clients. There are those who say you listen only to one argument—hard cash. Well, we have paid millions every year for your films. Give us a fair deal in return.

Of late I have joyfully noticed a 'progressive' trend in your productions. Their social content shows



Clever camera angles sell subtle Imperialist propaganda.

a livelier sense of reality, more concern for social justice and sympathy for the under-dog. We salute you for "Louis Pasteur", for "Dead End", for "Fury", for "Lost Horizon", for "You Can't Take It With You" and for "Confessions of a Nazi Spy". Even your treatment of foreigners shows more imagination and sympathy. To China you gave "Good Earth", to Mexico "Juarez". Magnificent and admirable. Must you continue to give us "Gungadin"?

The uneasy world situation has made you for the first time conscious of vital realities of the international political situation.

You—or atleast the best part of of you—have taken the side of democracy. Then you ought to know that, once free from our present imperialistic shackles, the 350 millions of India will be in the vanguard of the World Democratic Front. We shall fight together, Hollywood, for democracy and for



You put an elephant into a picture and think you have portrayed the real India.

humanity. Are you going to alienate our sympathies by continuing to play the sentry-box of British Imperialism?

Never forget, Hollywood, that you owe us a duty, as friends and as customers. You are the movie capital not of America alone but of the whole world. Your far-flung domain has its ramifications in the remotest village in India. Don't force us to revolt against your empire even as we are in revolt against the British empire!

Well, then, Hollywood, Hands across the Seas—and let us shake hands as friends

Yours,

K. Ahmad Ali.

P. S. By the time this letter reaches you, my friend Baburao Patel (editor of this journal) would have arrived in Los Angeles. He comes to you as a friend, and will tell you in person what I have set down here in this letter. I am sure you will extend him the same courtesy and hospitality as I received during my brief stay with you last year.



MOTILAL—

Hardly needs any introduction. This versatile artiste plays the male lead in Sudama's maiden attempt "As You Please" directed by S. Badami.

(Continued from page 30)

Seeing the endorsement by Poet Rabindranath Tagore we also agreed to "dhobie mark" the book and we did it in our national language with a superfluous advice to Fraulaine to read "Filmindia" in her spare time from the frogs and other insects.

SENSATIONAL FILM UNDER PRODUCTION

Showing the shooting of a picture is by itself an exclusive gesture reserved for distinguished guests; but showing the shooting of an important political film is something that is not done in modern Germany. But the Count was in an irresistible form and would not hear of our missing a great opportunity. After half an hour of the usual telephone suspense again those fatal permissions from the Ministry—we were at last taken to a "desert". The desert was of course artificial but we had to be told so. So extensive was it, that failing to see any habitation about, for a moment we did take it for a real desert. Even as a film set the illusion was complete.

The desert was a set for the new political film "Song of the Desert" which Ufa—or rather



Herr Hans-Walther Befz, the chief Editor of "Der Film" one of the most popular film weeklies of Germany.

Germany—is producing as a smashing reply to Hollywood's "Confessions of a Nazi Spy". There were "Arabs" and "Jews" and the "British" on this "desert" and they were all playing their allotted game in the midst of numerous camels brought for the scene. Only the camels were genuine and the rest were all Germans and that was because the Germans have not yet learnt to act the camels.

The story of the picture I have promised not to divulge but it is enough to know that it will make the English wince over their policy in Palestine and the Jews will start praying in Hebrew.

There are so many things to see in Ufa, that a day is hardly sufficient. But every good day must come to an end and this one did with the Count dropping us back at our Hotel with a smile that at once disarmed and won every one that met it.

TOBIS COMPETES WITH UFA

Tobis has three studios in Berlin in different localities. This concern is more commercial than Ufa. It seems to believe in making hay when the Sun shines and does not claim to be a national institution with ideals like the Ufa.

The annual turn out seems to be an important item in the organization of Tobis. In fact, practical results dominate the whole policy and at the time when we visited all the three studios, nearly ten pictures were under shooting. But Tobis is growing and growing fast and may soon vie with Ufa in its national importance.

The several technical departments in Tobis are practically the same as in Ufa. While the Ufa displays polished ideals in its presentation, the Tobis impresses one with its rigid practicality.

As Tobis producers over 50 pictures a year the huge staff of workers is kept constantly busy and yet we can not forget the painstaking sincerity of Herr Hans Hauer, one of the chief executi-



Zarah Leander—the famous Ufa star. "Does she look wistful?"!

ves, who for two days attended on us sacrificing valuable time and work.

MEETING HILDE KRAHL

An interesting feature of our visit to the Tobis studios was the meeting with Hilde Krahl, the Yugoslavian star of Tobis who is to-day at the top of the ladder.

Young, beautiful and charming, Hilde is the prize attraction of the studio. She talks 'small' English, according to her, but that little bit is delivered with such beautiful effect that one feels like having wasted years to learn so much.

Hilde acted the hostess at the Tobis lunch given to us and told me aside that she wanted to come to India to see the country and the people. Certainly a praiseworthy ambition, and India would willingly welcome a star of her eminence and show her round, but wonder how she can do it when her picture engagements overlap one another for the next two years.

The studio photographer could not be denied certain photographs (which you find somewhere in this issue) and at last Hilde and I were photographed together, which was the only incident which Friend Hirlekar could not share.



Specimen of portrait photography from Ufa. Zarah Leander and Willy Birgel in a new Ufa Picture.

THE FILM ACADEMY

Right on the gateway of the huge Ufa studios is a small attractive building in which is housed Germany's first and only film academy. Everything from the conception of a film idea to the ultimate takings at the Box-offices is taught at this unique school which costs the nation a pretty bit every year.

In years to come the Deutsche Film Akademie hopes to be self-supporting. But just at present, with hundreds of students waiting for admission, new investments in buildings and equipments have to be continuously made and the balance sheet weighs rather heavily on one side—the side which the Government of course supports.

It is a perfect institution from every point of view and it is a pity that it does not allow any foreigners to take a training there. Well, perhaps, someday when Germans get tired of learning new things India and other countries may get a chance.

What a sad commentary it is on our industry, that after twenty-five years, we cannot provide an institution of this sort to our people. Some of the men who have made such a lot of money from our industry ought to think of this seriously. I have two men in mind:

Mr. V. Shantaram and Sardar Chandulal Shah. One of them can easily give the nation a film academy which we so badly want at present.

PROPAGANDA IN THE VILLAGES

While Visual Education in schools is an accepted method of instruction and over 65 per cent of different institutions in Germany are fitted up with the requisite equipment, the German Government maintains a huge and useful department for a vital village propaganda. The activities of this huge department are all directed primarily to make the modern and future Germans national minded and to teach them a better standard of life.

At Rangsdorf, a small village fifty miles from Berlin where I was shown a good specimen of this work, I was surprised at the fare that is provided to the people in two and half hours at fifty pfennings (nearly seven annas) a seat.

The programme opened with an agricultural exhibition recently held at Munich and the film showed how villagers from all over the country went to the exhibition in their thousands. (An incentive to see new things and spend money.) Several methods of improving the different agricultural products



Ewald Von Demandowsky
the production chief of Tobis.



EMIL JENNIGS.

He wanted to know how his pictures are liked in India. He was told Indians don't see him nowadays because his pictures are not shown. The last one people still remember is the "Patriot".

were thoroughly discussed and new methods were driven home by an extremely informative commentary. The coming exhibition at some other place was advertised, along with the natural sight seeing beauties of the place. (An extra attraction to get the crowds and to insure in advance the success of the future exhibition).

Then an obvious dig at the British and the way they took the German Navy after the Great War was underlined with the most subtle insinuation, but not without assuring the people that modern Germany has a more efficient navy than ever before. As if to drive home this point, the unfortunate "Thetis" disaster was used with a commentary that German submarines never sank in so tame a way and were always more reliable.

The Danzig problem was also broadcast and the will of the masses in favour of the Reich was shown in rather an overwhelming way. Some of the German Officers with me could not help but blush when this piece was projected on the screen. The commentary said

that Danzig was now merely a matter of time probably the spare time of Hitler.

And then came the German victories in fields of sport; mechanics, aeronautics etc. The pictures delighted and drew the applause from the audience. Queerly enough, not once did Germany lose any of these events. Only the German victories are shown to give the people from the villages a swollen head.

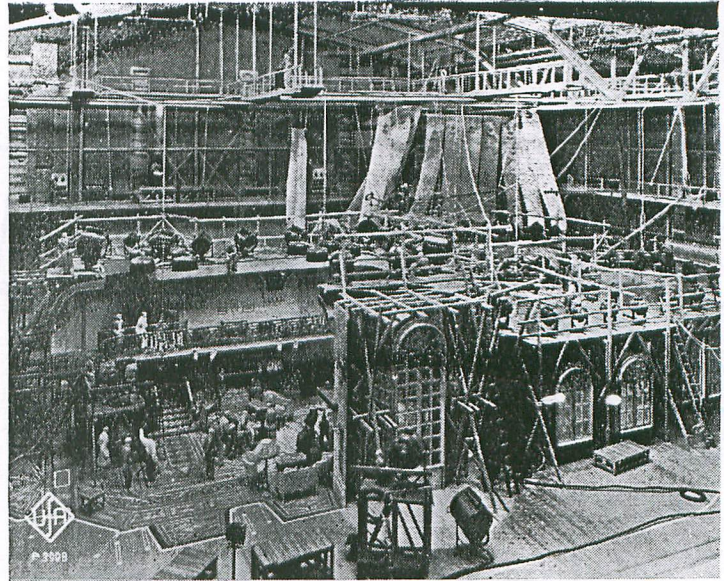
A short film story showing the protection of German forests from fire took my salute also. It was done in a cleverly romantic way and opened with an irresponsible honeymoon pair in a forest throwing a burning cigarette end. The guard turns up and in a clever dialogue, picturized at places, points out the responsibility of every individual however small in building the resources of a nation. The tragic can never forget the underlying lesson. I felt for cigarettes in my pocket, luckily they were not burning.

And then Hitler, the great leader of Greater Germany, lecturing, attending parades, opening public exhibitions and doing a thousand and one national service, threw the audience into an ecstasy of enthusiasm. It was clear that the German masses love Hitler, what ever the critics may say. That applause was spontaneous and came from the heart—

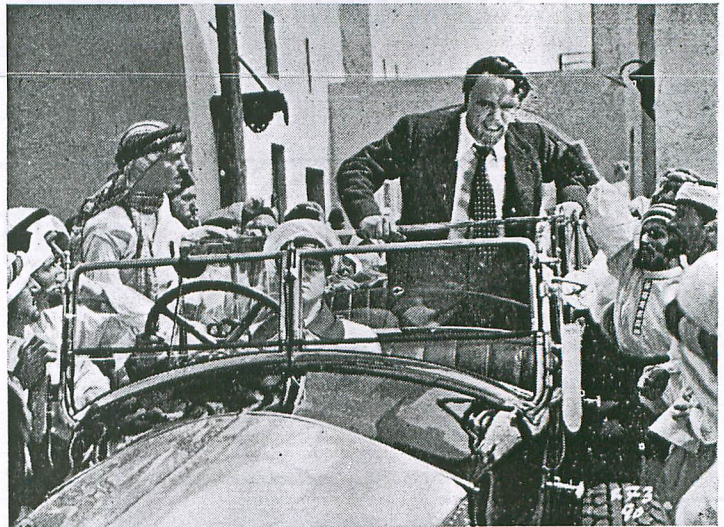
And this type of clever and subtle propaganda is broadcast in 30,000 villages throughout Germany with 700 motor vans which are constantly on the road.

And in this way is the film harnessed to serve the Nazi State. If only some of our enterprising producers see what I have seen, our film industry would be a better national institution than it is to-day.

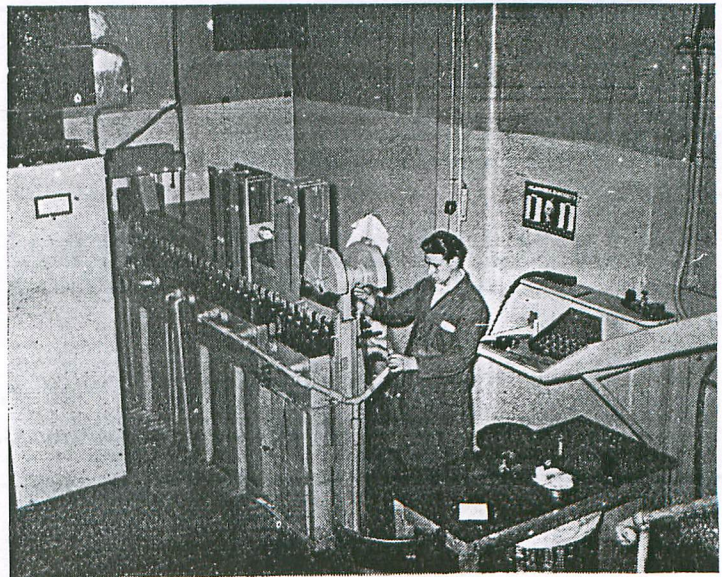
It is a setting model from the Ufa Studios and tells its own story.



Shot from the "Song of the Desert" an Ufa picture under production which is a reply to Hollywood's "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"



The automatic plant in Tobis. Note the photo of Hitler even in this usually dark room.



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Direction: Sjt. P. C. Barua

Music: Sjt. R. C. Boral



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It Is Very Much Like India

FILM MAKING IN HUNGARY

"Hunnia"—Where Alexander Korda Was Born as a Producer

BY BABURAO PATEL

BUDAPEST, (By Mail).

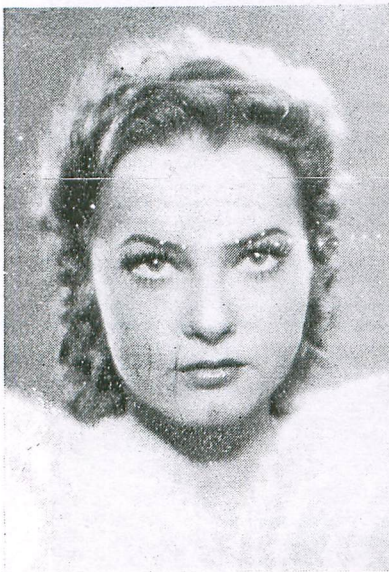
The Hungarian Film industry is very much smaller than our Indian film industry and in several respects as primitive and precarious as our own.

HUNNIA

Hungary has ten producing companies, all in Budapest, its capital. But the best and largest studio is the "Hunnia". Its Hungarian name is HUNNIA FILM-GYAR RESZVENYTARSASAG. See if you can remember that. It means the Hunnia Film Producing Co., The Hunnia studios are situated four miles out of Budapest in very picturesque surroundings and have four sound stages.

At one time the Hunnia used to turn out over thirty pictures a year a few in French and German and the rest in Hungarian. But things have gone wrong with these people financially and they

BUDAPEST BEAUTY



ZITA SZELECKY

foremost film star of Hunnia Studios, Hungary.

ANOTHER KORDA



*From Hungary to India
good wishes through Filmindia
Joe Bingert*

**Dr. Joe Bingert, Managing Director
of Hunnia Studios.**

will produce only ten pictures this year, inspite of the State having invested over a million pangoes in these studios (nearly five lakhs of rupees).

The financial stalemate is due to the fear of the Jewish bankers who are afraid that the next annexation of Hitler would be Hungary and in consequence they have withdrawn their support from almost all industries and are now busy smuggling money out of the country, through various means. The entire Hungarian film industry is therefore in a sort of a financial coma and it is not likely to look up for a long time to come.

A DISAPPOINTED DIRECTOR

The managing director of the Hunnia, Dr. Joe Bingert said, "Political conditions in the neighbouring countries are affecting all our industries and we can't do anything else but to sit quietly

and look on. Finance, which is mostly in the hands of the Jews, has become rare and the Hungarians will take a long time to learn to make and hoard money like the Jews". In those words, there is desperation and disappointment. But Hungary is too weak politically to help itself out of this chaos.

PRECARIOUS FUTURE

The Hungarian language is the disappointment of several linguists. It is a very obscure and a difficult tongue and the Hungarians proudly say that one has to be born to a Hungarian mother to know the language. The market for the Hungarian films, therefore, is very limited and the Hungarian film industry has only 450 cinemas to show its pictures. And even out of this small number 150 are seasonal cinemas which work only six months in a year.



A Hungarian film star "OLVEDY ZSOKA" in "TISZA VIRAG" (The Flower of the River Tisa) produced by Hunnia Studios, Budapest.

With such a small market, Hungary produces about thirty-seven pictures a year at present and it needs ten companies to do that.

The future of the Hungarian film industry is so precarious that even artistes have not specialised themselves as exclusively screen stars. The present day stars all come from the stage during their spare hours and lend some artificial acting talent to the screen.

IT REMINDED ME OF INDIA

The equipment at the Hunnia brought a smile to my face; it reminded me of some of our studios in Bombay. The Hunnia looks as ill-equipped and as clumsy as some of our studios, though the desire to improve is burning itself out in the heart of the organizers. But it needs funds to do that and they are in the pockets of the Jews, who are not prepared to take a chance with Hitler running amok.

Even this tiny film industry after the fashion of the dictatorial nations like Germany and Italy, is controlled by the "Magyor Film Iroda" (Hungarian Film Bureau) a Government department which



DEVIKA IN DISGUISE

—but even in dhotie and kurta she looks as charming as ever. A moment from "Durga".

prescribes the nature of films for production and doles out small doses of money when they are stuck up for funds.

"SEETA" SALETSKI!

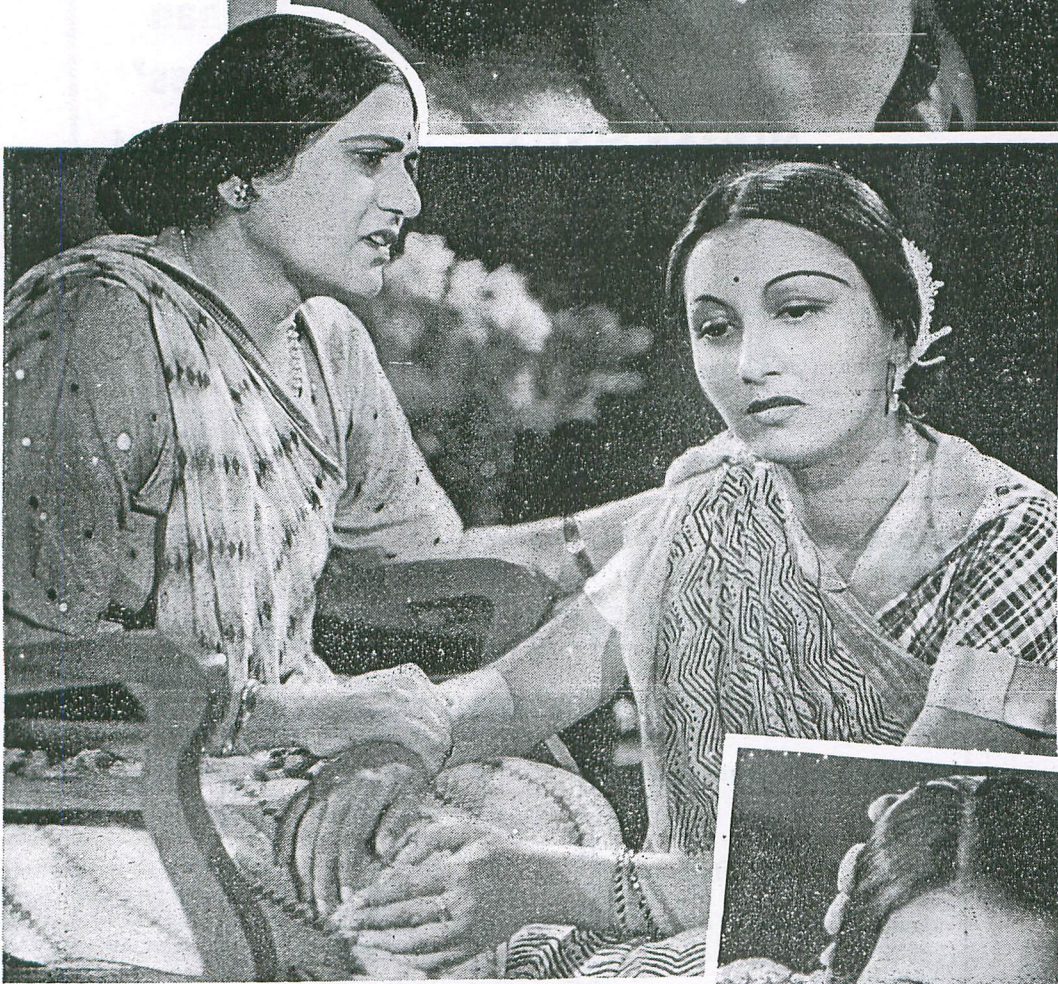
I met Zita Szeleczy (pronounced Seeta Saletski), the best Hungarian star. She is a stage celebrity and belongs to the International Theatres and for two weeks' film work she draws 1500 pengoes (nearly Rs. 1000/-). She is now working in a social picture called "Karoszeck" (The Chair), but she is a stage bird and has no heart in film acting.

Incidentally I was told that Alexander Korda (producer of "The Drum") had worked in the Hunnai studios for a number of years and had learnt most of his tricks there which have now made him the god-father of the British Film Industry and the husband of Merle Oberon.

Hungary needs a Korda to revive its film industry. At present it is dying a slow death.



Indurani and Sushil Kumar have a tete a tete in Mohan Pictures' 'Swastik' now running at Krishna Talkies.



Jyothi, Zillo, Maya and Surendra in "Comrades" a Sagar picture directed by Nandlal.

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GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

ORAGE (Storm)

(Released Through Pathe. India)

This fine French film (with English sub-titles) is an outstanding example of the growing maturity of the cinema art in France. It shows how, even by eschewing Hollywood's extravagant methods, exquisite films can be produced.

From the story point of view, "Orage" will appeal to India. It is a sentimental tragedy—the story of a married man who came to love a girl who was a curious mixture of passion and humanity. The superb acting of Charles Boyer and Michele Morgan lifts the picture to the very heights of histrionic achievement. It is a "Must Be Seen" picture for the discriminating and intelligent filmgoer. Those who like only "action" films or musicals are liable to be disappointed.

"PETER THE FIRST"

(Produced By LenFilm Studios,
Directed By Petrov)

Probably the first Soviet Russian film to be shown in India "Peter The First" ought to be seen by the average fan as well as the student of film technique. It is one of the greatest achievements of the celebrated Russian film producers.

Based on the novel by Alexi Tolstoy, this film shows the grandiose figure of the Czar who modernized Russia in the 18th century.—His personal life is depicted against the national and international political situation. Indeed, this is an ideal example of how a historical subject ought to be treated with authenticity and a penetrating social awareness.

★ ★

Good For An Evening's Entertainment.

SERGEANT MADDEN

(M.-G.-M. Film Starring
Wallace Beery)

Good 'boost' for the American police force. But also an excellent, heart-gripping melodrama on the Paternal Love versus Duty theme. Wallace Beery is good as the honest sympathetic 'cop' though this is not among his top-notch performances.

HARDYS RIDE HIGH

(M.-G.-M. Film Starring
Mickey Rooney)

A Hardy family is always a delight and the latest is no exception. It is full of good humour and common sense—a picture which is really meant to be seen by the whole family.

JESSE JAMES

(Twentieth Century-Fox Film
Starring Tyrone Power)

The good old story of the early days of American rail-roads given a new twist. Tyrone Power is in the title role, daring and romantic—Plenty of action plus heartaches plus technicolour. The average fans—the young ones especially will like it.

TEARS OF LOVE

(An Egyptian Film With English
Sub-Titles)

Produced in France, this Egyptian Film provides a good diversion. For those who can understand Arabic, the love-songs of Abdul Wahab will be a treat.

SAY IT IN FRENCH

(Paramount Film With Ray
Milland and Olympe Bradna)

Amusing comedy with satirical slant on New York's high-brow society.

★

Go Along If You Must

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN

(Universal Film, With Bing
Crosby, Joan Blondell and
Mischa Auer)

Comedy drama with amusing touches.

"Q" PLANES

Mystery plus comedy. Quite clever, with topical interest added by "enemy" Spies! Lawrence Oliver ("Wuthering Heights") has a rather tame role but Ralph Richardson gets the laughs.

LET FREEDOM RING

(M.-G.-M. Film With
Nelson Eddy)

Another cowboy drama with Nelson Eddy to provide the songs: Victor McLaglen and Lionel Barrymore give good performances.

Beware of Them

(Imperialist Propaganda)

FOUR FEATHERS

Another "Drum", by the same producers and same author. Soudan takes the place of India.

THE SUN NEVER SETS

Obvious 'boost' for British empire, provided by a Hollywood producer. (Universal).

Keenly Awaited

JUAREZ

Paul Muni's latest, glorifying the man who liberated Mexico from foreign rule. (Warner Brothers).

THE RAINS CAME

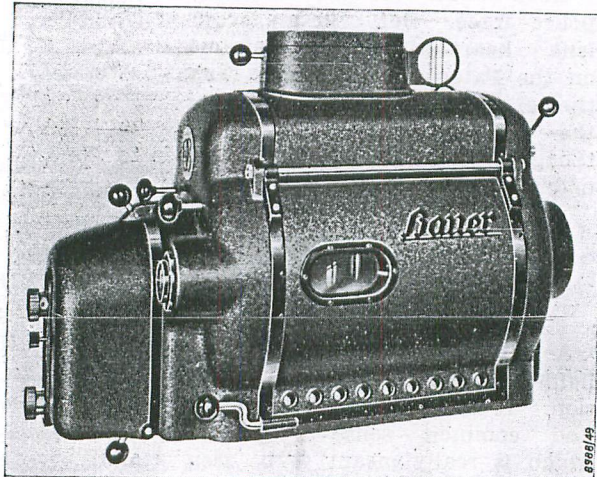
Film based on Louis Bromfield's novel of India. (20th Century-Fox).

GOOD-BYE MR. CHIPS

Robert Donat as the mild school master of James Hilton's famous novel. (M.-G.-M.)

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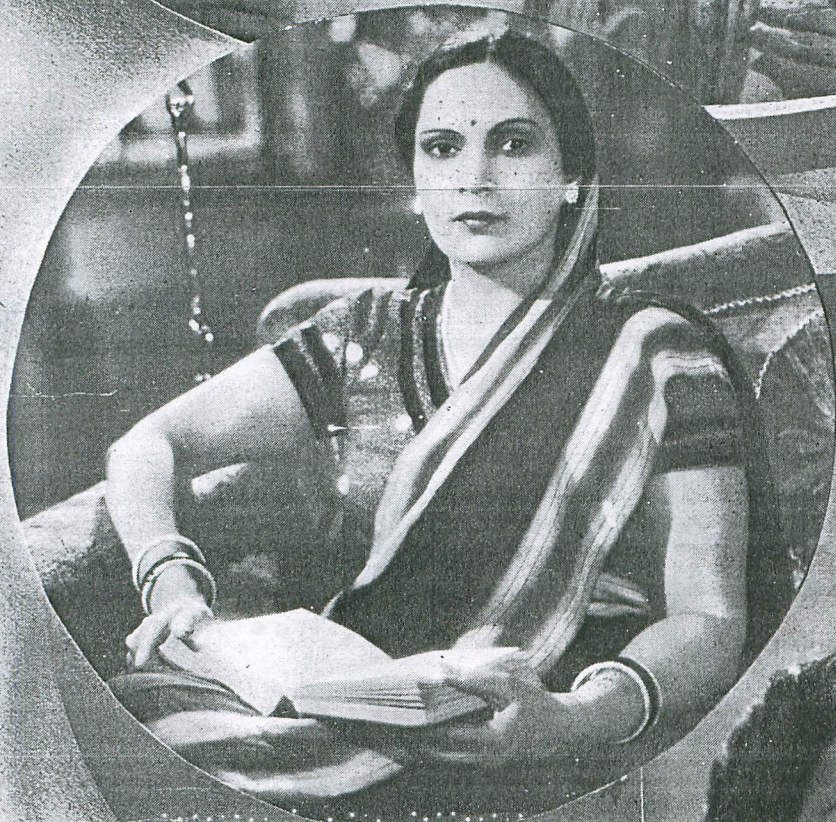
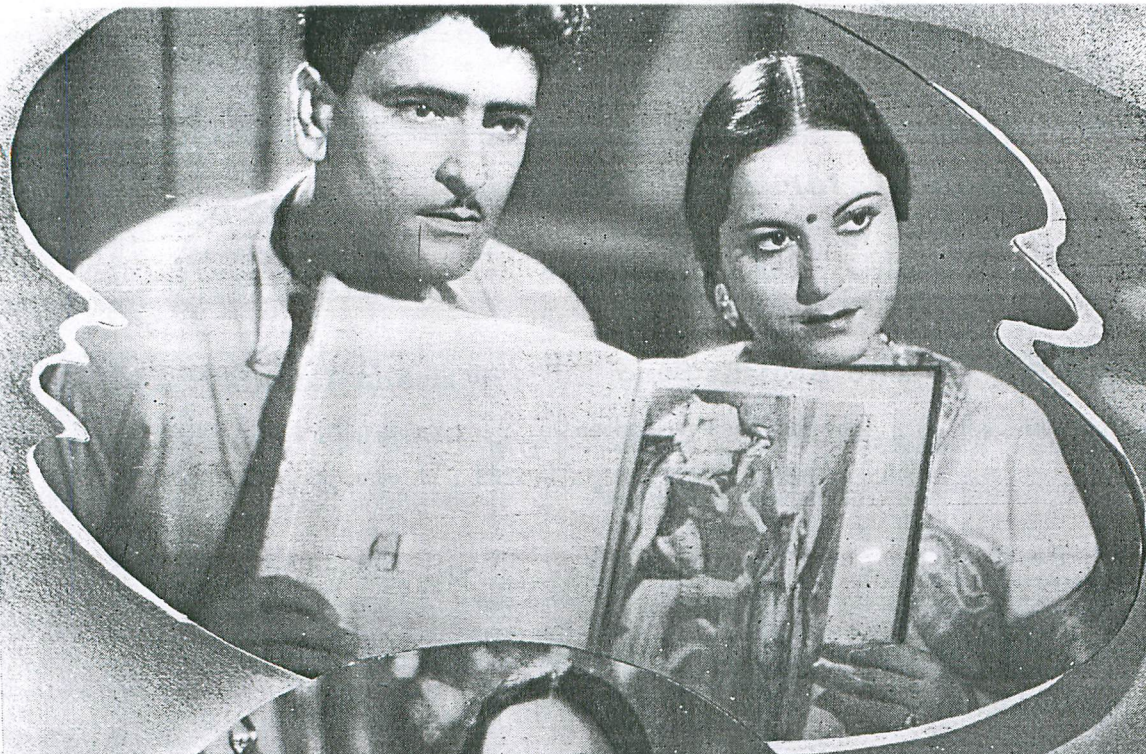
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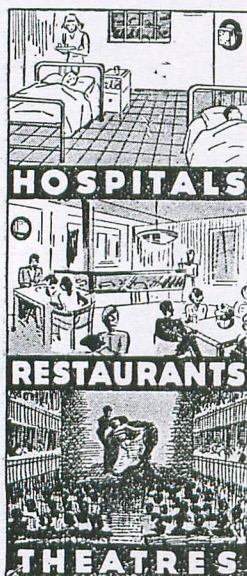
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This is the Technicians' Own Page,

FOR THE TECHNICIANS

Conducted by the Editor, Association of Cine Technicians in India Bulletin

A very prominent member of the American Society of Cinematographers in the course of a very illuminating article on the same subject once said,—

"The perfect Motion Picture has not yet been produced, the perfect camera department is as yet not existing neither in organisation, personal nor technical equipment, and therefore modern photography is still far removed from perfection."

It seems rather queer that in a series of articles claiming recognition for the much maligned technician, we should be tempted to make such a statement apparently so contradictory to our purpose. But we do it with a purpose. For whereas the truth of this statement is unquestioned not only as far as the camera department is concerned but also as far as the sister department of sound, it remains equally undisputed that there have been many pictures with photography and sound that have been publicly acclaimed, and also many pictures by the same cinematographer and audiographer which have been justly criticised for lack of satisfactory effects.

Fatal Lack of Co-operation

The reasons for such failures were certainly not due to lapses of efficiency on the part of the individual worker or the departments themselves in their personal or apparatus, but to the handicaps under which he or the department concerned had to perform and entirely caused by lack of intelligent co-operation of other departments. And it is this lack of mutual co-operation that is ruining the individual worker and is responsible to-day for the failure of so many of our recent releases.

What exactly do we mean by co-operation; Co-operation is or rather, should be a suppression of individual or departmental and

NOT FOR TECHNICIANS ONLY!

The Producers, Directors, Screenarists, Set-Designers, Costumeers — all of them will do well to read this page regularly, particularly this month's article which makes a timely appeal for

CO-ORDINATION

primarily selfish credit-desires, unintentionally but often intentionally injuring other detail effort to the detriment of the whole. When everyone will have realised this then and then only can the perfect Motion Picture be made.

Don't Be Job-Minded!

To begin with everyone must realise that pictures must be photographed and audiographed to be properly presented to the public. You can make the best actors in the world play the grandest story against the most gorgeous sets but if any of them or all of them are not individually and collectively suited to the jobs of being photographed, the result won't be as successful as it could otherwise be. It must not be forgotten that every individual work must eventually filter through the lenses of the camera and the mikes of the recording instrument in order to be really completed and passed on to the public. What we require therefore is camera and sound mindedness and not merely job mindedness.

Consult the Technicians

Let us begin at the beginning when the Producer selects his story. Does he ever pause to consider whether his technical departments are properly equipped to meet the demands of the story. For instance the particular story may require an exhaustive use of

the Background Process apparatus and this may not be available easily, or he may select a story necessitating very intricate miniature work. Does he ever consult his technicians at this stage and make his decisions accordingly. The answer is very seldom. What is more usual is that the picture is taken in hand, the routine work is usually gone through and when the time comes for the process work every conceivable makeshift method is employed to obtain some semblance of an effect. The results are neither flattering to the individual worker nor to the Producer and there is no other alternative except to delete such shots and let the picture go incomplete or to release it with such doubtful results. In either case the pictures suffer.

We next come to the setting and costume departments. Each devise their own sets or costumes independent of each other and of course of the cinematographer. Individually the results are brilliant but it is only when the heroine walks into a beautifully painted light grey setting clad in a rich soft grey georgette sari, that the cinematographer begins to have a headache. Just a little camera-minded co-operation could have prevented this difficulty. Another instance to point is the case of a magnificent setting that was erected recently at a local studio for a big historical picture. The setting in question was absolutely perfect in every detail—it seemed as if it had been transplanted from one of the ancient palaces of India itself, but and here came the difficulty, it was so constructed that it was impossible to place lights anywhere. It was therefore lighted entirely with top lights with a few spots playing upon the actors. The result was in entirely flat picture and the entire charm of the beautiful setting was lost.

DIRECTORS, PLEASE NOTE!

We have so far purposely omitted the Director, because he is one of those individuals that is nearly always to blame if there is any blaming to be done. If for once everything else is co-ordinated it is naturally the Director with whom we have to concern ourselves. His methods must be sufficiently camera and sound minded for him to see when the Cinematographer or the Audiographer is up against a difficult problem, and it is up to him to aggravate the problem or to simplify it. To take the instance of the grey clad heroine and the grey painted sets, if such a situation should arise, and he insists that his action must take place adjacent to the walls he is merely multiplying the difficulties. If on the other hand he adapts his action a little away from the walls he has helped the cinematographer and has done something to alleviate the damage done by lack of co-operation on the part of others.

There are many other situation where a little more camera-mindedness on the part of the Director can help the production. It is in the matter of the moving

camera technique. In the course of production many situations arise because of either faulty set design or other causes when the arrangements of lights do not permit much camera movement. Under such situations to insist on an exaggerated display of camera acrobatics is nothing short of suicide, both for the Director and Cinematographer and for the production as well.

However, there are some camera and sound-minded directors and it is these that invariably manage to get out good work even working with men of mediocre talents, and there are some others that never manage to get even tolerable work no matter with whom they are working.

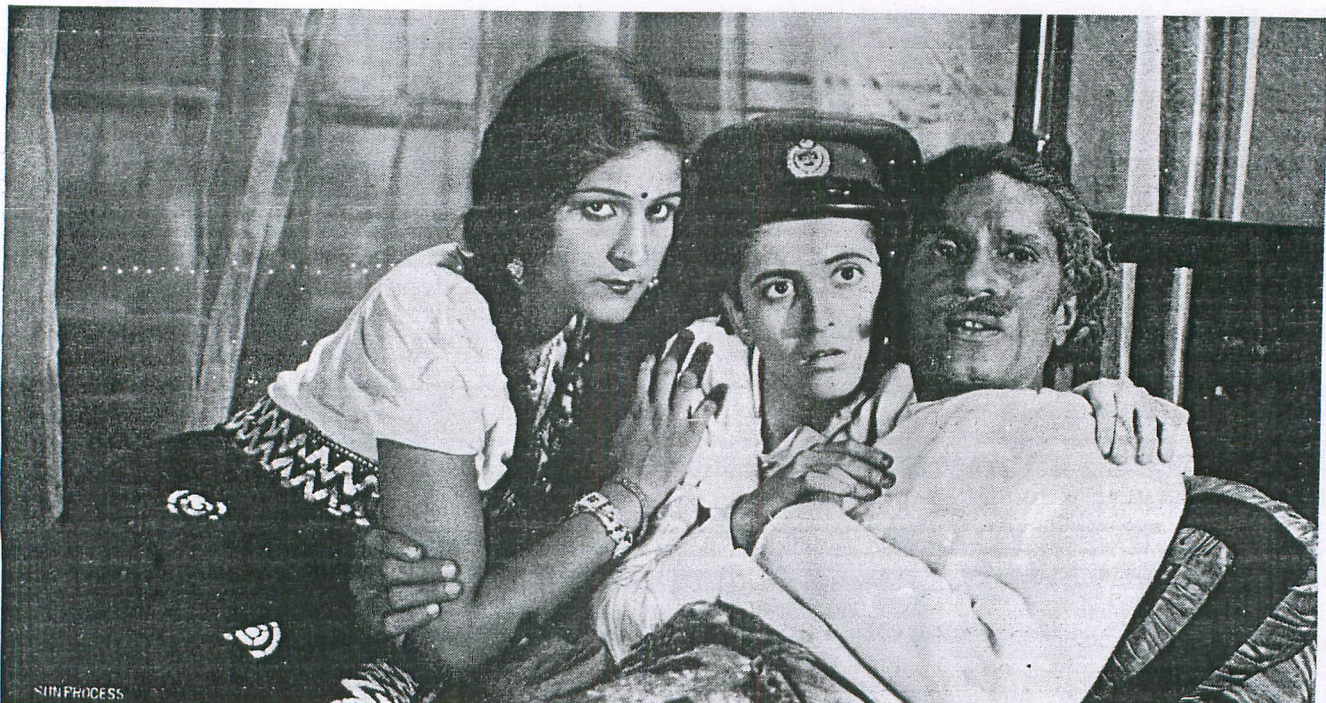
**PRE-PRODUCTION
CO-OPERATION**

All of which brings us to the beginning that lack of intelligent co-operation jeopardizes the quality of everybody else's work. But such co-operation must not only come during the production but actually before the start of production activities. We must have 'conferences' before we start work, conferences in which every vital question is thoroughly discussed and threshed out, and then only

must we launch out on actual shooting.

We, on our part claim this co-operation by right. Our Work even at its simplest is the most difficult and intricate type of photography yet developed. This is not because we are dealing with motion and not with static compositions, but because of certain limitations inherent to motion picture processes. We can not retouch our pictures, we have no other control over our prints beyond a little in the times of development, a control which the still photographer can exercise by changing his grades of paper to suit his particular negative. Everything must be in the negative. We admit some little control can be done in the case of sound, but even in his case when we consider that we have to maintain one uniform quality over a period of fifty to sixty days that a picture is under production, and every day's work a perfect match with the previous day's work the enormous nature of the difficulties can be realised.

Give us, therefore, perfect co-ordination and co-operation in our work, and you will have better pictures.



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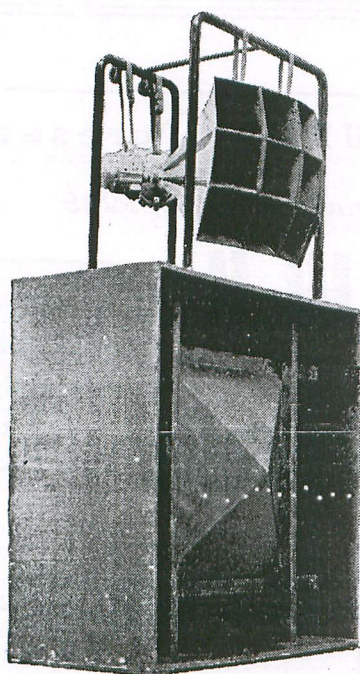
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→ SABITA DEVI



She was rich and he was poor. **Until** he used his Common Sense, and solved a Crossword Puzzle, he got the first prize and also got the **rich** girl as a Prize.

IN SUDAMA'S

AS YOU PLEASE

with

**Motilal, Vasantee, Khursheed,
Mazharkhan and others.**

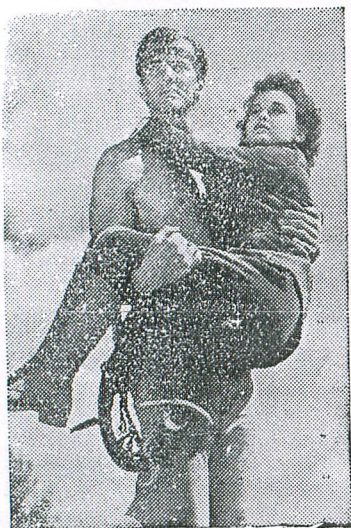
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Shree Ranjit
STUDIOS
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Ranjit's first
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★ Directed by:
Sarvottam Badami

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A GRIPPING DRAMA OF
SAVAGE BEASTS AND
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HERMAN BRIX

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And a Cast of Thousands

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Studio Close-ups

BOMBAY TALKIES

At the Malad Studios they are all busy with their new production starring Leela Chitnis with Ashok Kumar, Mubarak and others. This film is expected to be completed before the end of September.

Meanwhile their "Durga" has been doing excellent business at Bombay and other centres where it has opened. And from Calcutta comes the splendid news that "Bhabi" has recently celebrated the Silver Jubilee week and is now running in its 27th week. This is not the first time that Bombay Talkies films have "conquered" Calcutta. "Achhut Kanya" and "Jeevan Prabhat" were both outstanding triumphs in the eastern capital.

SAGAR MOVIE TONE

'Sadhana' enters into 8th week at the Imperial, the simplicity of the story spun around village life and romance sprinkled in, it has proved popular at the Box-Office.

'Comrades' a social drama directed by Nandlal and featuring Surendra, Maya, Harish, will shortly come on the Pathe screen.

Sagar studio has become the most active studio of late. All the directors have been ordered by Boss Chimanlal to finish off their pictures as soon as possible and to cope with all these, he has hired Film City and old Imperial studios.

Another outstanding picture to come from this studio will be "Ali-baba" directed by Mehboob in two versions, Hindi and Punjabi, starring Surendra, Ghulam Mahomed and Sardar Akhtar. Surendra plays Ali Baba and we hope to hear some fine songs from this modern Ali Baba.

Madhu Bose is going ahead steadily with his "Kum Kum the Dancer" starring Sadhona Bose, Padma Devi, Robi Roy, Dhiraj Bhattachar-

ya etc. The picture is shot in two versions, Hindi and Bengali.

"Civil Marriage", a satire on the present day marriages, is being shot in right earnest by Ramchandra Thakore, with Snehprabha Pradhan, the new firefly of Sagar in the lead.

Zia Sarhady is busy at the Film City with his "Poor Sweetheart."

RANJIT MOVIE TONE

At the Royal Opera House "Sant Tulsidas" has turned the Box Office into Mint office; the picture though in its 9th week still draws capacity houses.

Sardar Chandulal Shah is taking retakes of his picture 'Achhut' and by the time this issue is in your hands the picture would have been passed by the censors. In this picture Gohar returns to the screen after a lapse of 3 years and she will once again sway the audience by her thespian performance. Motilal plays the male lead.

'Adhuri Kahani', a social subject, has been released at the

West End Talkies and is reported to be doing good business. Direction of the picture has been done by Chaturbhuj Doshi who has treated the subject from a different angle; the dialogues have been written by Cashyap.

Jayant Desai is on the sets with his next vehicle "Bhai"—a story from Gunvantrai Acharya and the dialogues have been written by Madhok. It is a conflicting melodrama of two brothers falling in love with the same girl. The cast includes Prithviraj, Charlie, Rose, Sitara etc.

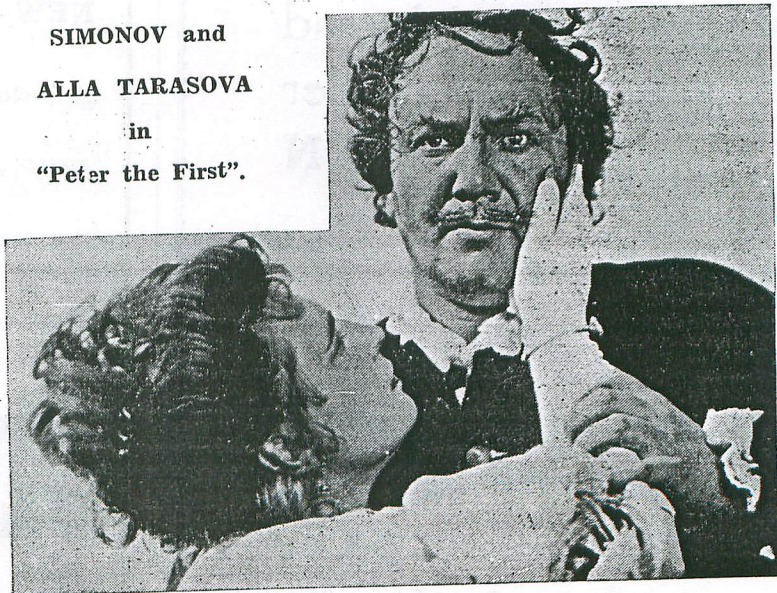
'Good Luck' directed by Manibhai Vyas is in the editing room.

Another budding director in Ranjit, Ratibhai is discussing his scenario for his first full length film, featuring Vasanti in the lead.

SUDAMA PRODUCTIONS

Director Badami's "As You Please" has been lying ready and is awaiting for 'Sadhana' to leave Imperial Screen. We think he may have to wait for some time. 'As You Please' is a story of a rich girl played by Sabita and a poor boy played by Motilal; the boy uses 'common sense' and all of a sudden becomes a rich man and there are plenty of humorous situations, heart-break, romance etc., in the story.

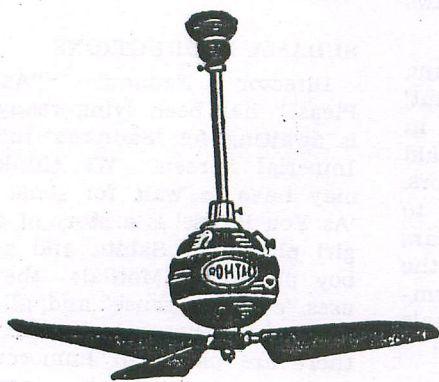
SIMONOV and
ALLA TARASOVA
in
"Peter the First".





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Comfortably and
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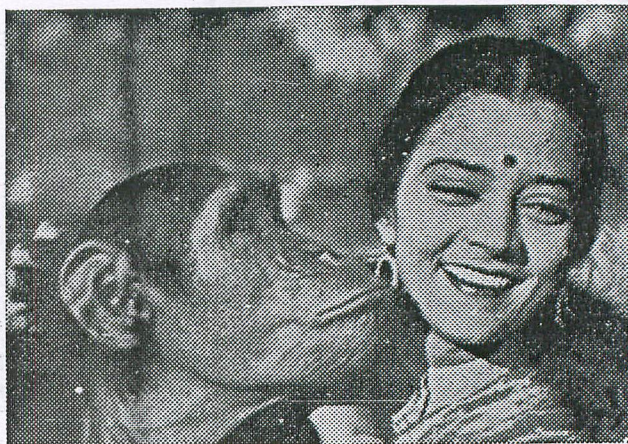
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YAJNIK THE MARVELLOUS APE MAN

NEW TUNES! NEW SONGS!

A picture that will live in your memory

*YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN WILL
THRILL TO SEE IT*

AT

The CAPITOL

A BHAVNANI PRODUCTION

supreme release



"Life is For Living"—Yes. That's what has infused courage into Shanta Hublikar to wait for Shahu Modak with patience, though her hopes have been melting away like the burning candle, in Shantaram's "Life's For Living", a Prabhat Picture.



"Huh! After all you are a policeman!", says Shanta Hublikar with contempt. Upright and honest Shahu Modak feels insulted for himself and his tribe in Shantaram's "Life's For Living" a Prabhat Picture.

Director Badami's next is 'Chingaree' adapted from the novel of Sarat Chandra Chatterji. Sabita Devi, Prithviraj and E. Billimoria play leading roles.

SUPREME FILMS

"My Eyes" was not so successful in Bombay, but is reported to have done good business in other mofussil towns.

Director Hafizji is crusading with his "Ghazi Salahuddin" with Ratanbai, Mazhar, Ghulam Mohamed, etc., in the cast.

They have purchased the rights of Bhavnani's "Son of Zambo" for the whole of India at a fabulous sum and the picture will shortly be released at the local Capitol Theatre.

It is good to note that the publicity of this picture has been entrusted to Messrs. Adarts Ltd., a

very well-known advertising firm. This is one of the rare occasions when Indian distributors have entrusted their publicity work to a firm who really know their job.

SELECT SERIAL SUPPLY

"Hawk of the Wilderness" a Republic serial has been imported by this well-known firm of distributors. It is packed with action and full of breath-taking scenes; for sheer adventure this serial has been acclaimed by the American critics as the most sensational ever made.

Another outstanding programme of the season that this firm has purchased is the Russian film "Peter the First", which had a wonderful reception in the whole of Europe and America and also at the local Eros, where it was screened last week. The picture is a triumph of Russian technique

and both the press and the public has acclaimed it as the grandest film ever made. It has a cast of 5000 and took nearly 3 years to produce.

Mr. Shiraz Hakim On The March

We are glad to announce that Mr. Hakim, the proprietor of Famous Cine Laboratory, has purchased a big plot of land at Cadell Road, and is erecting a new sound proof studio to produce his own pictures as well as hiring out the same to retail picture producers. The studio will be thoroughly equipped on most modern methods. We wish Mr. Shiraz best of luck.

POONA

PRABHAT FILM CO.

Director Shantaram's 'Life Is For Living' is to be shortly released at the Central. People are



Herman Brix and Jill Martin as they appear in "Hawk of the Wilderness" a Republic serial distributed by Select Serial Supply.

SUPREME'S SURE BOX-OFFICE TIPS

MY EYES

The stark human drama of a Blind Girl's Love for an ugly man pulsating with thrills, Fights and Adventure.

Directed by: **Dwarka Khosla**

Cast :

KURSHID, MAZHARKHAN, SITARA,
ISHWARLAL, TRILOK KAPOOR, KESARI.

PRODUCED AT RANJIT STUDIO

GAZI SALAH-UD-DIN

The soul stirring episode of history depicting the life of that noble generous dauntless warrior.

Cast :

RATANBAI, GULAM MOHD., MAZHARKHAN,
Yakoob, Ishwarlal, Kalyani, Mirza, Musharaff and
Mohamed Ishaq & Lalitadevi (Baghi Sipahi fame.)

Directed by: **Hafesjee**

Do You Know Who Is This Girl?

SHE IS 'MAZI LADKI' OR "MY BELOVED"

Saraswati Cinetone offers something unique in their new social.

Directed by : **R. G. TORNEY**

Music by: **PROF. V. PATWARDHAN**

Featuring : Jayshree, Ratnamala,
Pandit, Dinkar Kamana.

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SHANTA HUBLIKAR—

As a lady of the frontier sings and dances to the tune of 'Tabla'. See her in Mr. Shantaram's "Life's for Living," coming shortly at the Central Talkies.

A black and white photograph of actor Ashok Kumar. He is leaning over a desk, smiling warmly at the camera. He has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a light-colored, button-down shirt. His hands are positioned as if he is writing or drawing on a piece of paper on the desk. The background is slightly blurred, showing some indistinct shapes.

Ashok Kumar who is
co - starred with
Leela Chitnis in
Bombay Talkies'
forthcoming picture
"KANGAN"

waiting anxiously to see the work of this great director.

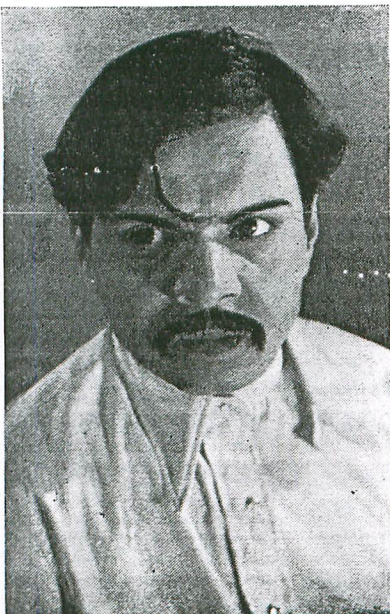
In the studio Messrs. Damle and Fatehlal are reviving Sant Dnyaneshver; the costumes, designs, etc., are completed and shooting will soon start in right earnest.

SARASWATI CINETONE

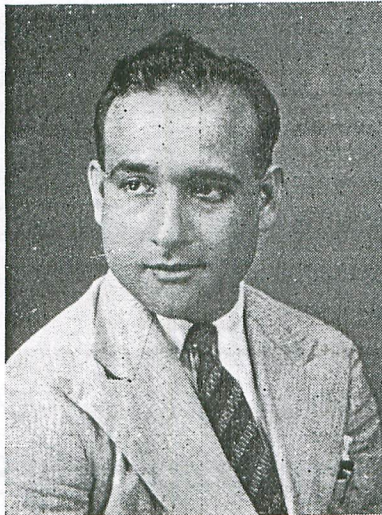
Dada Saheb Torney has almost completed production of his picture 'Mazi Ladki' or 'My Beloved' featuring Jayshree and Pandit in the lead.

ARUN PICTURES

Mr. Bhal G. Pendharkar is in the news again. He has announced "Maharathi Karna" (Karna The Great) a mythological picture. Karna, as everybody knows is one of the noblest and the most misunderstood characters of the epic Mahabharat. His story has therefore a particularly intelligent appeal. Mr. Bhal G. has written the script and is busy with the preliminaries of Production in the Saraswati Studios at Poona. "Karna The Great" will be released through Peerless Pictures.



Mr. Danve, a Saraswati player as he appears in "MY BELOVED".



AGHA JANI KASHMIRI, the young author of Bombay Talkies "Vachan". Two of his stories are now under production—one at Sagar and the other at Minerva.

KOLHAPUR

HUNS PICTURES

Huns' next, "In Search of Happiness", is almost complete, and by the time this issue is out, it must have been passed by the Bombay Board of Film Censors.

The picture is quite a novel type as by now Huns is quite well known for that and stars Baburao Pendharkar in the lead.

Director Vinayak has finished the script work of his "Better Half" and will begin shooting in right earnest. Leela Chitnis has been engaged to play the lead; as soon as free from her Bombay Talkies contract she will run up to Kolhapur.

CALCUTTA

NEW THEATRES LTD.

"Kapal Kundla" has been suddenly held up from release; goodness knows why. It is reported that B. N. Sircar is supervising the retakes of the said picture, and it will not be completed for another month or so.

Director P. C. Barua has completed "The Storm" featuring Jamuna, Molina, Pahari Sanyal etc., in the lead.

Hem Chander has taken up "Jawani-Ki-Rit", a social subject, with Kanan Bala, Najam, Nawab, etc., in the lead.

FILM CORPN. OF INDIA, LTD.

"Dil Hi To Hai" is ready for All India release. Kedar Sharma has taken another social theme in double version which will be called "Devi" in Hindi and "Pratima" in Bengali, starring two new talents, Monika Desai the younger sister of Leila Desai and Mahendra Saigal the younger brother of famous K. L. Saigal. The production of picture "Qedi" has been scheduled at a later date as authorities are negotiating with a leading Indian State for granting State Facilities for the production of the subject on a high scale. Mr. R. Sharma the General Manager of the Film Corporation who was recently at Bombay has signed Pandit Omkarnathji, Sangit Martand and the Pride of India for co-operating in the colossal production of "Mahatma Kabir" which the Film Corporation has kept on their next programme.



Youngest filmindia enthusiast— he must see the photos of the favourite stars every month, and how eagerly he looks in.

With the great advance of Science, ideas regarding human diet are also being revolutionised and a great part is played by the discovery of preserving properties of low temperatures in this revolution. The practical application of this discovery is seen to-day in the form of refrigerating units which are useful on a small as well as large scale—the former for household purposes and the latter for commercial purposes.

The Gramophone Company Ltd., who have been responsible for the manufacture of the best sound reproducing instruments known to the world so far have also taken to the manufacturing of refrigerating machines and now they have put on the market; refrigerators, water-coolers, portable room coolers, ice-cream freezers and many other allied appliances.

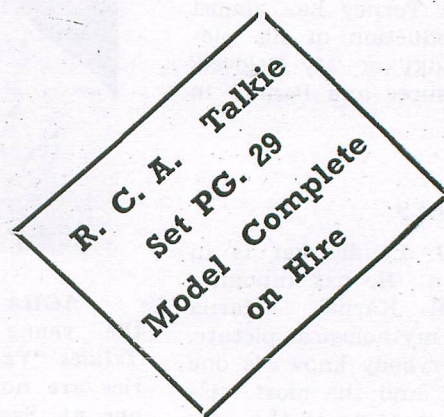
We are of the opinion that in this new line they have kept up their tradition of manufacturing the best in its own class. A test of these machines shows the following requisite qualities:

- (1) Absolutely silent due to the patented **SILENT CIRCULATOR** incorporated in every model.
- (2) Nothing to go wrong. There are only three moving parts encased in a bath of oil.
- (3) Strain due to mechanical movement is reduced to a minimum by the silent circulator.
- (4) Very smart appearance.

In brief you get exactly what you expect of an electrically operated cooling contrivance if you possess an H.M.V.

We understand that the 1939/1940 Models have already arrived and are on view at the Company's premises at Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road.

Two More Gigantic Madan Productions



(A) ABLAKI SAKTI

Featuring:

Miss Kajjan, Khalil, Premlata, Pearl Laxmi, Mustafa, Chunilal etc.

(B) MERCHANT OF VENICE

or

ZALIM SODAGAR

Featuring:

Jehanara Begum and Khalil.

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SOUTH INDIA

THE UNITED ARTISTES CORPN. (Madras)

"Bhaktha Cheetha" has gone into production under the direction of Mr. R. Prakash. Miss G. Subbulakshmi, Papanasam Sivan are among the few important names in the cast.

AL. RM. COMPANY (Madras)

Their spectacular historical "Mathroo Bhumi" is now ready for release. Those who have seen the preview report highly of this picture. Director H. M. Reddy is mainly responsible for its success.

SARTHI FILMS LTD. (Madras)

Ere this issue is in your hands, readers in the South might have seen "Rytu Bidda". Their next will be "Deshabandhu" in Telugu.

JAGADISH FILMS (Madras)

Director Y. V. Rao is busy shooting 'Malli Pelli' their maiden

picture at the Newtown Studios. With Mr. Rao himself playing the lead with Kanchanamala, it ought to be a success.

THYAGARAJA FILMS LTD. (Trichinopoly)

In the course of a few weeks, "Tiruneelakanta Nayanar" is scheduled for release at the Plaza, Bombay.

THE DECCAN CINETONE LTD. (Madras)

"Kumar Kulothunga" a historical picture in Tamil is reported to have been sold to Oriental Films, Madras, for distribution. A powerful story of the Tamil King Kulothunga, with a great cast of talented artistes it is expected to be a great success.

SAKTHI MOVIE TONE (Madras)

"Maya Ulegam" or "Yogi Vemanna" a Super mythological picture with a brilliant cast will shortly go into production in Ta-

mil and Telugu. Story, songs and dialogues have been completed by C. A. Lakshmana Das. The music, hits of the picture, is reported to be under the direction of Gaval T. N. Govindarajulu Naidu. The rehearsals have begun in right earnest.

MODERN THEATRES LTD. (Salem)

Director Sundaram is busy shooting "Mannikkavasagar", a Tamil mythological. M. M. Dandapani Desigar plays the lead with M. S. Devasena. It is a picture which will be appreciated by Tamilians, perhaps the pious ones.

DECCAN FILM DISTRIBUTORS (Bangalore)

"Revenge" or "Veer Garjanai" their social stunt thriller has been released simultaneously at several places in the south and is reported to be drawing crowded houses. Their next production will be "Neelamalai Kaidhi" or "Prisoner of Blue Mountains".



COMFORT—That's what Rose finds by the side of Durgabai Khote, in Ranjit's "Adhuri Kahani," now at the West End Talkies.

INDIAN SCREEN'S
GREATEST CHARACTER-ACTOR
BABURAO PENDHARKAR



NOW GIVES THE MOST
VIVID AND VIRILE PERFORMANCE
in

IN SEARCH OF
HAPPINESS



हंस चित्र

For The Exhibitors Only

HOW TO FILL YOUR THEATRES

By 'Chami'

"It is strange that so many people speak about fresh air and so few realize that during the office or business hours they do not seem to care much for it. The trouble is that one soon gets used to bad air, and bad odors are not apt to be noticed after a while; but the fact remains that pure air is more wholesome than contaminated air.

In our regular great daily city life it is almost an impossibility to provide for fresh air. No amount of ventilation, not even an otherwise unbearable draft, will be capable of keeping a room or place in good condition unless one takes recourse in ventilating with ozonized air.

Removal of bad odors by means of air-flushing is an absolute impossibility, and yet they should be removed. That is where OZONE comes in.

OZONE is a form of oxygen in its most active state, and is considered the most effective oxidizing, germicidal, disinfecting, and deodorizing agent known, and for this reason is being increasingly employed with great success for the purpose of converting foul and impure atmosphere into pure, wholesome air.

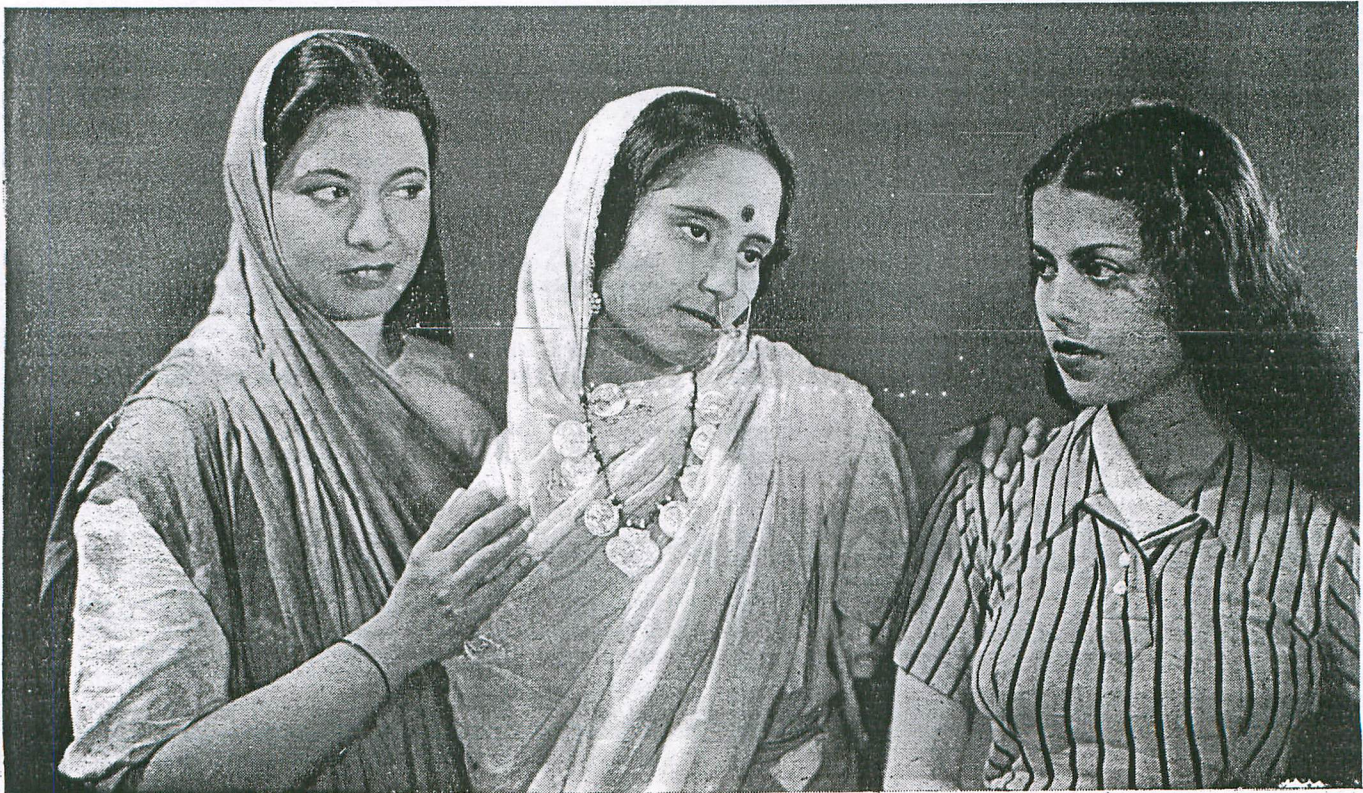
OZONE is used for purifying and deodorizing the air in Theatres, hospitals, sick rooms, schools, public buildings, stores, dwellings, cellars, lavatories, cold storage plants, and all places where fish, meats, vegetables, and other food products are handled. Its action is similar to that of lightning on out-door air, and diffuses a constant supply of OZONE.

By merely turning switch you are able to produce whenever desired, a miniature electrical storm, thereby eliminating all foul, offensive and unhealthful odours.

OZONE purifies and deodorizes foul air. OZONE purifies the air we breathe, destroys all the impurities in it and keeps it fresh and clean always. OZONE will make clean and sweep the air in a musty closet; will remove that heaviness noted in the air in a room in which a number of persons are breathing.

The principal odors created in these buildings come from the breath. When exhaled it is moist and will accumulate on the walls and ceilings and naturally there being no elimination it dries and creates an unpleasant odor. OZONE keeps the air pure and sweet and when the breath or odors arise they are ozonized and purified.

And now for an actual demonstration of Ozone Air. Please get in touch with Messrs. Trio Traders, Ballard Estate, Fort, Bombay who will be too pleased to give you a demonstration of their wonderful Ozone Generators without any obligation.



Beauty Trio of Film Corporation of India's Dil-hi-to-Hai, which will shortly be released.

ROUND THE TOWN

"ADHURI KAHANI"

(Unfinished Tale)

Produced by Shree Ranjit Movietone; Story by Gunvantrai Acharya, Direction: Chaturbhuj Doshi; Dialogues and Songs: J. S. Cashyap; Music Direction: Jnan Dutt; Cinematography: L. N. Verma; Audiography: K. V. Shah; Cast: Durga Khote, Prithviraj, Rose, Keshavrao Datey, Ha Devi, Ishwarlal, Lala Yakub; Released at West-End Cinema; Date of Release 26th August 1939.

This is the latest production from Ranjit studio and has a splendid cast led by Durga Khote, Rose, Prithviraj and Datey.

The Story is an original and progressive slant on the familiar forced marriage theme. Herbala (Durga Khote) an educated woman radically differs from her rich and uneducated husband, Gopaldas (Datey) in the matter of the marriage of her daughter, Nilam (Rose). The father who faces bankruptcy due to adverse fortune on the Stock Exchange decides to marry Nilam to a wealthy old man, Mevaram (Lala Yakub)—for a consideration! In other words he is selling her to pay his debts. The mother revolts against this but her educated son, Somnath (Prithviraj), is too much of a coward to oppose his father. Here a typical villain touch is provided by Ishwarlal who plays Kedar, a "polished blackmailer!" Nilam, in love with him, is shocked when she finds what kind of a man he really is and she is so heart-broken that she has no strength left to defy her father. Devbala, hitherto the representative of resurgent womanhood, suffers a moral collapse and ends her life by drowning, as her daughter is being married. From now on the story proceeds on well-known lines. The son becomes a drunkard, the daughter passes her days in helpless resignation, blackmail raises its ugly head, there is a storm and some songs, two more suicides—then suddenly we are asked to believe that this was only

an unfinished story which a group of young people were jointly writing for purposes of social reform!

Performances: Datey, as the selfish old speculator, is excellent though those subtle touches, which made his role in "Unexpected" memorable, are missing here. Durga Khote is made to commit suicide in the fifth reel just when she was giving a fine emotional performance. Prithviraj has a subsidiary, hysterical role which he plays with a fair measure of success. The Director, however, has not succeeded in getting the best out of him. Rose is also only a partial success though it is difficult to blame her as she has been given some pretty silly scenes as when



Chandramohan as Jehangir in Minerva's colossal picture PUKAR.

she is supposed to dance round and round the room for no rhyme or reason.

Production: The scenario and direction have failed to make the best use of the stars and the story. The dialogues are fairly good but not upto the real Cashyap standard. The sound-recording is defective at places and after "Tulsidas" we expect much better photography in Ranjit pictures.

Points of Appeal: The picture has four popular stars in the cast and the theme is provocative and pro-

gressive. A lot of 'popular' entertainment has also been injected, even at the risk of confusing the psychological consistency of the sequences.

"PUKAR"

Or the Great Moghal

Producers: Minerva Movietone; - Story: Songs & Dialogues: by Kamal Amrohi; - Direction: Mr. Sohrab Modi; - Music Direction: Mir Saheb; - Cinematography: Y. D. Sarpotdar; - Audiography: M. Edulji; - Settings: Rusi K. Banker; - Cast: Sohrab Modi; - Chandra Mohan, Naseem, Sheela, - Sardar Akhtar, Sadiq Ali; Released at Minerva Cinema; - Date of Release: 26th August 1939.

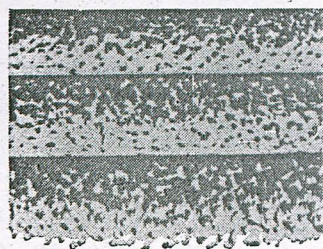
This is undoubtedly Minerva Movietone's and Producer Sohrab Modi's best production so far. Lavishly produced, it has very good box-office value especially for Northern India where it is bound to do roaring business. If only the picture could be cut to half its present length and its technique could be improved it would be a fit subject to be exhibited abroad.

The Story: Jehangir, the Great Moghul Emperor is renowned in history for his sublime sense of justice, which was so strong that it superceded even personal emotions. "Pukar" glorifies this aspect of Jehangir's personality against the colourful background of Moghul court life. In a series of sequences we see how simply by pulling a chain causing sixty bells in the palace to ring any suppliant could get justice personally from the king. The story, in the beginning, deals with the romance of two Rajput youths—Kanwar (Sheela) and Mangal Singh (Sadiq Ali)—love each other but are thwarted by the feud existing between their respective families. Mangal Singh, in a duel forced on him by the irate father and brother of the girl, happens to kill them and, persuaded by an affectionate but short-sighted mother, absconds. His father, Sangramsingh (Sohrab Modi), a trusted General of the Emperor, sacrifices the love of a son for what he regards his duty, personally arrests his son and bring him to stand his trial—thus dramatizing the integrity and no-



Come now young man
don't laugh at the pair
though you may envy
them.

Shots from Saraswati's
Social picture 'Mazi
Ladki' or 'My Beloved'.





MUBARAK, polished actor of the Indian screen, is featured in Bombay Talkies' new film "Kangan".

bility of the Rajput character. The errant youth is sentenced to death. Meanwhile, however, the Queen herself proves to have been the cause of the death of a washerman whose widow pleads for justice before the King. Here is a pretty dilemma for Jehangir. The way he ultimately solves it is a tribute to his abiding sense of justice, his intelligence and his love for his wife. The climax is, indeed, so beautiful and full of suspense that it would spoil the picture for our readers if we revealed it here.

Performances: Chandramohan, as Jehangir, is easily the best. He bears himself with exemplary dignity and lends to his role that certain philosophic mellowness which was needed to correctly portray Jehangir. Sohrab Modi is the soul of Rajput chivalry in his role of Sangramsing and acts with

commendable restraint in the earlier portion of the film. In the later sequences there is a tendency to return to his stogy dialogues. Naseem was perhaps the only film star in India who could look the part of the celebrated Noor Jehan but on the whole she could have been seen to better advantages, with better direction and photography. Sheela is good in her role. Sardar Akhtar is miscast and does not impress.

Production: Lavish and spectacular, "Pukar" has naturally cost a lot of money and took a long time to produce. While in no way trying to belittle the splendid effort made by the studios, one may say that a picture like this deserved much better photography. The outdoor scenes are particularly flat and even a beautiful person like Naseem has not been photographed well. Also, the scenario contains a lot of irrelevant sequences e. g. the dance of Sardar Akhtar which fails to entertain which



Naseem as Nurjehan in Minerva's magnificent production **PUKAR**.



Lt. Col. M. A. Kureishi, I.M.S., famous Oriental Scholar is likely to be taken up by one of the leading British Film Studios as an expert on Oriental pictures on his retirement from military service in October. Col. Kureishi is also considering a lucrative offer from one of the Hollywood studios. Is it Filmindia's agitation against anti-Indian pictures which is making them do that? Col. Kureishi is studying the problem of exploiting Indian pictures in the West and some of our producers will do well to correspond with him at: 35, Ormonde Gate, Chelsea, S.W. 3, London.

are apt to be boring and divert attention from the main thread of the story.

Points of Appeal: Glorifying as it does a Moghul Emperor, "Pukar" naturally has a special appeal for the Muslims. At the same time the characters of the Rajputs, too, have been depicted in the best light, so that no section of the public can have any cause for offence. This, by itself, is an achievement for a historical film. "Pukar" deserves to be and will be one of the major 'hits' of 1939.

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